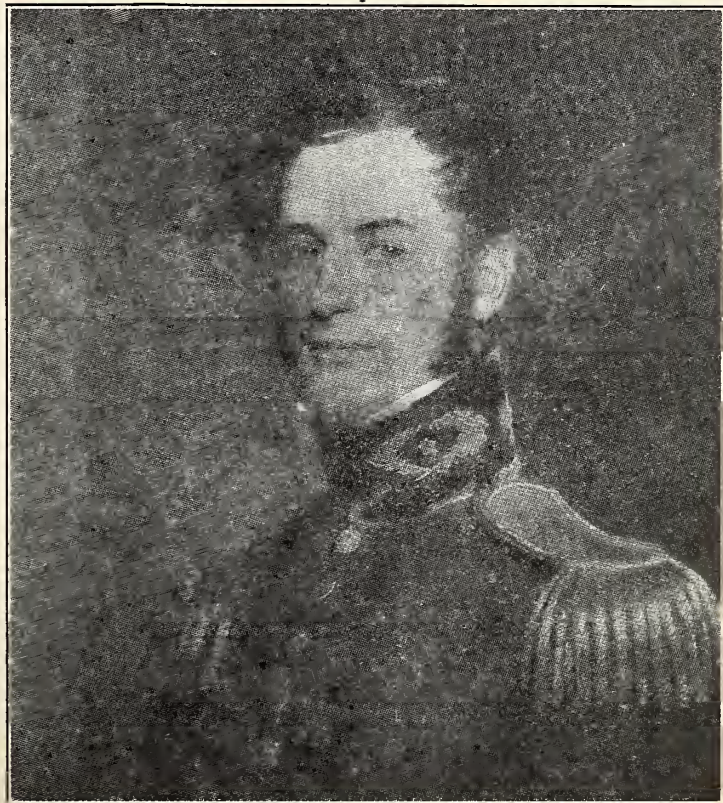


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1926

NO. 2



ROBERT EDWARD LEE
In Uniform of Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.
(From Portrait at Washington and Lee University)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
2. A Sketch of Maury. Published by N. W. Ayer Company.
3. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
4. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

A SPECIAL BOOK OFFERING.

A fortunate purchase of a small stock of Gen. Bennett H. Young's "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle" enables the VETERAN to offer this valuable work on the Confederate cavalry for perhaps the last time, and those who are interested especially in the exploits of that arm of the service will find that this book covers the subject thoroughly in its leadership and accomplishment. It is a large volume, handsomely illustrated, a book that would sell now for five dollars. The VETERAN offers it at \$4.00, postpaid, or for \$5.00 with a year's subscription.

Some of these books are slightly stained on the binding by being packed in a damp place, but otherwise are in perfect condition. Only a limited supply, and the first orders will get the choice copies.

Another book offered now is a "Life of Raphael Semmes," by Collyer Meriwether, a volume of the American Crises Biographies. This book fills a great need, as so little information on the life of the great Confederate admiral is available. A very limited supply is offered now at \$1.50, postpaid.

Send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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J. C. Hamlett, of Crockett Mills, Tenn., writes in behalf of John E. Trull, who is in need of a pension and wants to hear from any old comrade or friend who can help to complete his record as a Confederate soldier. Comrade Trull enlisted at Fayetteville, Ala., and from there went to Columbus, Miss., and was mustered into the service as a private in Forrest's Cavalry, in April, 1864; he was under Capt. J. H. Gilbert and Lieut. Mack Caldwell (as he remembers); was mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., May 22, 1865.

GRANDFATHERS' LETTERS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret. It may contain some old letters. I will purchase all the old envelopes from 1845 to 1876. You keep the letters. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. Send me all you find. Highest prices paid. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Capt. B. F. Binkley, of Nashville, Tenn., says of the VETERAN: "I could not do without it. Yours for life."

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.
FROM A WAR ALBUM IN NEW ORLEANS,
LA.

There's a happy time coming
When the boys come home;
There's a glorious time coming
When the boys come home.
We will end this dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In the sunburst of glory—
When the boys come home.

The days will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them—
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle standards tattered—
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty
When the boys come home,
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces—
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
When the boys come home,
To bless and to greet them
When the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart forever—
When the boys come home.

Mrs. M. E. Anderson, of East Broadway, Okemah, Okla., is interested in securing a pension for Mrs. John Taliaferro, now eighty-five years old, whose husband served under General Price. Any comrade or friend who can give some information of his service will please write to Mrs. Anderson in care of Abe Coplin, at Okemah.

A BIG PLENTY.—Congress has passed 50,060 laws and resolutions since its first session in 1789. Of these 30,310 were private measures and 19,750 public acts and resolutions. Of these 16,914 became laws. The recently adjourned session of Congress enacted 632 public laws.—*National Tribune*.

Confederate Veteran

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1926.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Commander in Chief*
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. H. M. WHARTON, Baltimore, Md. *Chaplain General*

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GEN. HAL T. WALKER, Montgomery, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

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TEXAS—Houston. Gen. J. C. Foster
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WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. William C. Harrison

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER—Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. CALVIN B. VANCE—Batesville, Miss. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS—Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life.*
REV. GILES B. COOKE—Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life.*

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. S. A.

Col. B. Frank Cheatham, a son of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, of Tennessee, and who has been connected with the United States army since the Spanish American War, has recently been appointed Quartermaster General, U. S. A. This son of the South commanded the 104th Infantry overseas during the World War, and he received the Distinguished Service Medal.

TRIUMVIRATE IMMORTAL.

LEE—JACKSON—MAURY.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Defender of the Southern Heart and Light,*
And Leader pure, invaders to defy;
Strategist of the Valley† to supply
The golden harvest for the Chieftain-Knight;
Upon the trackless deep, the Guide whose sight
A highway traced, far peoples to ally;
O brothers loyal, thou didst glorify
The cause of liberty and freemen's right!

Praise we despoilers of the Union great?
Despoilers! These were brave men, militant
Against tyrannic power, right o'er wrong!
The Fathers' Cause, our Cause Confederate!
In brotherhood, may North and Southland chant
No discord only reuniting song!

[Dedicated to the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., January 19, 1926.]

THE NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.

In this the one hundred and nineteenth year since the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee and nearly fifty-six years since his great spirit passed from earth, the observance of the natal day of this incomparable soldier and Christian gentleman has been general throughout the South, gratifying evidence that the example of such a life makes a stronger impress with the passing years. The observance of the day has not been confined to Confederate associations, for civic organizations and schools have had their special exercises. In some places the day has been observed jointly in honor of the three great Southerners born in this month whose all was given to the Confederate cause—Lee, Jackson, Maury, "triumvirate immortal."

At Washington, D. C., a wreath was placed on the statue of General Lee in the national Capitol, and brief exercises carried out, which included a short talk by Maj. C. M.

*Richmond. †Shenandoah Valley.

Stedman, of North Carolina, the only Confederate veteran now in Congress.

For the first time, the radio carried out to the listening world some of the musical programs of the day. At Norfolk, Va., Mrs. Martha Nelson Osborne led the Confederate Choir No 1, U. C. V., in the songs of war days, with "Dixie" as her special solo. At Nashville, Tenn., a program of songs of the last three wars of the country was broadcast on the night of the 18th; and a special feature of the exercises on the 19th was the presentation of Crosses of Service to the boys of Confederate ancestry in the World War. The celebration was concluded with a dinner to Confederate veterans and special guests.

The following editorial from the Portsmouth, Va., *Star* will be appreciated generally:

"WHY THE SOUTH LOVES LEE.

"The manner in which the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee was observed in this city and throughout the State this year is an indication that the love and reverence felt for the great Southern leader by the descendants of those who followed him grows greater year by year.

"It was a happy thought that the radio should carry on the evening of this anniversary the songs of the South sung by the Confederate Choirs of Portsmouth—in which city that beautiful idea was conceived—and of Norfolk. It is also pleasing that the program should have embodied brief expressions of Southern sentiment by devoted women and men to whom the cause of the South still is holy.

"The life and character of General Lee ought to form part of the curriculum of every school in the land, not in the South alone, but everywhere. Manliness, courage, steadfast devotion to duty, self-abnegation of the loftiest type—surely these are qualities that may with every good reason be laid before the youth of this nation as a guide to their feet. Robert E. Lee embodied these qualities in his own person, they shone throughout his life, and they illumine the pages of history in a way that combine to make him one of our immortals.

"Lee the American, Lee the Virginian, Lee the man—and what a man—was the embodiment of soldierly honor, of magnanimity, of justice, of nobility, of truth and purity of life. That is the legacy he has left to his people, and it is more priceless than the victories he won for the cause he held dear or the sacrifices he made for it.

"Like Washington, he threw into the balance all he had and all that he was. But, unlike Washington, he probably knew, as a trained soldier, the chances were that he was leading a forlorn hope. To do it he put resolutely behind him all thought of worldly preferment, of material wealth; he bade farewell for aye to the stately mansion that was his home with all its comforts, with its broad acres; he laid aside the offer of the highest command of the armies of the United States and went back to Virginia to give himself in very truth for her need.

"This was the character, this was the man, who will stand throughout all history as a beacon light, an inspiration to all who hear the call of duty, an exemplar of all that is manly and fine."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—We must be content with saying that while he has been denounced by Union writers and made a "scapegoat" by certain Confederates, there can be little doubt that he discharged the duties of the office with ripe experience, rare ability, patriotic devotion, and even with wonderful success when one considers the "overwhelming numbers and resources which opposed him."—*Rev. J. William Jones.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WHY THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL?

The proposed outlay of \$10,000,000 on a memorial to former President Roosevelt can be characterized as nothing less than a great waste of the nation's money and smacks of favoritism of the worst kind, to say the least of it. There were many other Presidents far surpassing Roosevelt in greatness of any sort and whose services far outranked anything he ever did for the country. It is a satisfaction to know that the plan is meeting with a good deal of protest, and even in Congress there is a feeling against it, Senator King, of Utah, recently so expressed himself in the Senate: "The location of the proposed monument would place Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt as the triumvirate of great men entitled to memorials above other outstanding figures in American history."

Wherein was Roosevelt great?

YOUNGEST BRIGADIER.—An inquiry comes as to who was the youngest brigadier general of the Confederate army. Data at hand would indicate that Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee, was the youngest general officer, C. S. A. He entered the service in 1861 as a second lieutenant, at the age twenty-three, and became a brigadier general in 1864, then being twenty-six years old. If anyone knows of a younger general, the VETERAN will be glad to learn who it was.

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

A CONFEDERATE DINNER IN 1925.

The bill of fare for the Christmas dinner of the Confederate veterans, their wives and widows, at the Beauvoir Confederate Home, at Biloxi, Miss., consisted of the following:

Course No. 1. Three thousand raw oysters, pickles, celery, lettuce, crackers, and condiments.

Course No. 2. Three thousand fried oysters, tomato catsup, bread and butter.

Course No. 3. Four hundred pounds of chicken stew, with one hundred pounds of pastry dumplings, fifty pounds of cranberry sauce, one hundred pounds of Irish potato salad.

Course No. 4. One hundred and fifty pounds of coconut and chocolate layer cake, thirty gallons of sweet milk, thirty gallons of coffee.

Course No. 5. Three hundred pounds of fancy candy, one thousand choice Florida oranges, one thousand fancy winesap apples, one thousand jumbo bananas.

Superintendent Elnathan Tartt reports that there are two hundred and sixty-four on the roll of the Home, hence the great provision for the Christmas dinner.

One hundred new tailor-made Confederate uniforms, costing \$2,000, were issued to the veterans Christmas week.

At ten o'clock on Christmas morning appropriate religious services were conducted at the Beauvoir Chapel, the Christmas message being delivered by Elnathan Tartt, Jr., who is a theological student at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

A CONFEDERATE WOMAN SPY.

There were many women of the South ready to do and dare for that beloved cause of the sixties, and their service in a quiet way was of incalculable benefit to Confederate leaders. A few of these brave women became widely known in the secret service, and it seems remarkable that they could be so well known themselves while so little was ever known of the



MISS VIRGINIA MOON IN COSTUME FOR A MASKED BALL, ABOUT 1870.

service they rendered or what was accomplished by it. From time to time the name of one comes up in narratives of war, and a little more is thus learned of their nerve and daring.

The press of the country has recently carried the story of Miss Virginia B. Moon, a native of Memphis, Tenn., and a Confederate spy, whose death occurred in that part of New York City known as Greenwich Village, in September, 1925. She had reached the advanced age of eighty-one, and to the last was dominated by that spirit of determination and daring which had caused her as a young girl to undertake hazardous missions that made her known to Federal headquarters as "an active and dangerous rebel." Little has ever been recorded of those missions, but "Miss Ginger," as she was known in her war days, wrote something of her exploits shortly before her death, though the task then soon wearied the age-worn body and these memoirs are all too brief and incomplete. But, from these notes and letters, it is learned that President Davis was her friend and doubtless adviser.

It seems that Miss Virginia was a girl of sixteen at school in Ohio when the war came on, and she wished to return to her home in Memphis, Tenn., at once, but the school authorities opposed it. However, when the Union flag was run up over the school and she shot out every star, one by one, she was expelled and returned home to engage in more exciting pursuits, such as bearing dispatches and other important communications between the lines, medicines and materials known as "contraband" under military rule. Her narrative refers to communications from the "Knights of the Golden Circle" to Confederate authorities, and tells of her experiences in getting such communications through the lines. Though

constantly hampered by the espionage which her movements aroused, she managed to elude the vigilance of Federal authority, and when occasion demanded did not hesitate to swallow a dispatch which could not be allowed to fall into enemy hands. She was arrested many times and was held in prison for some months. General Butler had her held a prisoner at Fortress Monroe in 1864, and at Memphis she was on parole to report to General Hurlbut for three months, then ordered to leave the Federal lines, with a warning not to return. There were other encounters with Federal surveillance, but she managed to escape the punishment that was to be visited on those who infringed military orders. Her beauty and daring helped her out of many tight places. Her family had known General Burnside as a friend before the war, and the remembrance of that friendship made him more lenient with her on an occasion when she was arrested for carrying Confederate mail and contraband articles. Such as this had come from General Rosecrans at Nashville, Tenn.: "Arrest Miss Virginia B. Moon. She is an active and dangerous rebel in the employ of the Confederate government. Has contraband goods, rebel mail, and is a bearer of dispatches. Send her to me." But she appealed to General Burnside, and he gave her the benefit of all doubt. His "General Order No. 69" had said, "Anyone carrying rebel mail shall be punished with death," but he investigated her case in a friendly way and nothing to warrant death was proved against her. It was after this that she had to report to General Hurlbut in Memphis for three months and was then ordered to "get out and stay out."

Her narrative thus ends, and it seems a loss to Confederate history that one who might have recorded much of interest and value on the Confederate secret service waited until age had wearied her hand and dimmed the memory of important events before anything was committed to writing. "Miss Ginny" always referred to herself as "an unreconstructed rebel"—"a political rebel because she loved her South with its traditions, a social rebel because she reserved the right to think, to speak, to act with directness and sincerity, and she admitted of no compromise."

After the war her home continued to be in Memphis, and though she had many responsibilities and sorrows, she found time to care for several children. She was a beauty and a belle, yet marriage seemed not to have been considered by her. She was no less a heroine during the days of the yellow fever there, when she remained and nursed the sick and dying. A brother and sister were lost in those days; but she never faltered. In later years she conducted a most exclusive boarding place in Memphis, which she made more a home for the stranger within her gates. Some years ago she went to California, and at the age of seventy-five made her debut in the moving pictures—and successfully, too. She also succumbed to the lure of aviation and there made her first flight into the realms of the upper ether. In the fall of 1924 she went to New York City to be near a beloved adopted daughter, and there continued that independent life which had such charm for her until death set free the spirit which had chafed at the limitations of life. Her ashes were sent to Dixie and, in Elmwood Cemetery at Memphis, were laid with the dear ones of earlier days—"a heroine in heroic soil."

[This article was prepared from data in newspaper articles sent to the VETERAN by several people. Mention is here made of Mrs. Hal Greer, of Beaumont, Tex., whose mother was a first cousin to Miss Virginia Moon; Mrs. Greer also furnished the picture. Another clipping came from Mrs. W. K. Leathers, of Front Royal, Va., who writes that her brother-in-law, the late K. P. Clark, of that place, was a nephew of the famous

"Miss Ginger," who mentioned in her memoirs that her sister Mollie married James Clark (afterwards judge), of Ohio, who was one of the "Knights of the Golden Circle.]"

PROMOTED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY GEN. C. I. WALKER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The inquiry in the January VETERAN for some data on Capt. Marmaduke Johnson, "who was said to have been complimented by General Lee on the field of battle for bravery," reminds me of an incident of the greatest gallantry occurring on the field of Murfreesboro, when a gallant officer, Capt. Charles Carroll White, commanding Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, was complimented by promotion on the field for distinguished gallantry by his army commander, General Bragg. The circumstances I take great pleasure in communicating.

Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, was on the right of the picket line of Manigault's Brigade, about half a mile in advance of the main line, at the opening of the battle. To the right of our brigade there was a bend in the line, and to adjust the pickets of the brigade on our right the picket line was slightly retired, which exposed the right flank of our picket line. Lieut. C. C. White, then commanding the company, went down to the right flank of his company to look after it. While there a squadron of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Rosengarten, dashed up and captured Lieutenant White and his two right groups. The Federal major left a squad in charge of the prisoners and galloped on with his squadron. Lieutenant White, a prisoner in the enemy's hands, called out in his stentorian voice: "Company A! Rally on the right!" When the men rallied, they hesitated to fire, fearing to damage our own men who were prisoners. Lieutenant White called out: "Don't mind us. Fire!" When the fire came, Lieutenant White and the other prisoners grappled their captors and brought them into our line. Lieutenant White then formed his company, supported by Company C, of the same regiment, at right angles and behind a rail fence. The Federal squadron, with the greatest gallantry, but with little discretion, for it was futile for cavalry to attack infantry behind a high fence, charged on the two companies, led by Major Rosengarten. The Major rode up to the fence, shot a man in company A with his pistol, but fell riddled himself, and his squadron was easily repulsed. Another squadron of the same regiment made a similar effort, and met like results. There were some amenities extended, and we allowed the Federal surgeon to come through the line to look after their wounded.

I was then Adjutant General of Manigault's Brigade, and had been sent out to the picket line when the firing took place. I conversed with the Federal surgeon. One of the dead brought in was First Sergeant Herring, a son of the safe manufacturer of that name, a splendid specimen of humanity, and dressed as fine as a major general. The 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry was composed of the élite of Philadelphia. I learned that the Federal loss in killed had been about sixteen, very heavy for a picket affair.

Immediately on hearing of the incident, General Bragg sent his aide, Captain Parker, to our line with orders to promote Lieutenant White to a captaincy, which was done on the field. It was the only instance that I ever knew of where an officer was promoted on the field for distinguished gallantry. Subsequently I saw Captain White in many dangerous positions, and I really believe that he did not know what fear was.

The irony of fate! In front of Atlanta, Captain White was

shot through the body, and it was so serious a wound that he was placed in the hospital dead house to die. Yet he recovered. But at the Cainhoy Riot, during Hampton's fight for the recovery of white man's rule in South Carolina, he received a slight wound, from the effects of which he died.

THE DOUBLE TRIBUTE.

BY MRS MOLLIE H. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS.

It is indeed a rare privilege to read even a part of the moving and eloquent address of Mr. Davis to the great meeting in Richmond, over which he presided, the gathering being called to inaugurate a movement for a monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, then recently deceased. The tribute offered the dead hero, fully understood, was alike an honor to him who gave and to him who received it.

Mr. Davis tells of the circumstances of General Lee's being invited to take command of the Cuban armies fighting against Spain. However, he omits to say that the offer had been made to himself, and declined.

Mrs. Davis, in her "Memoir" (p. 412, Vol. I), writes that one evening in the summer of 1848, she went into her drawing-room and found two gentlemen waiting. To quote: "Supposing them to have come on business with my husband, I moved away to the extreme end of the room. When Mr. Davis came in they talked in whispers for some time, and eventually Mr. Davis arose, evidently declining some offer, saying: 'I deem it inconsistent with my duty. You must excuse me.' As they left, he said: 'The only man I could indicate to you just now is one in whom I have implicit confidence, Robert E. Lee.' (I think he called him Maj. Robert E. Lee.) They had invited Mr. Davis to take charge of an expedition to liberate Cuba, and had offered to deposit one hundred thousand dollars for me before their departure, with another similar amount assured when successful, or a very fine coffee plantation. . . . A few days afterwards I was in the drawing-room when an officer came in whom I thought the handsomest person I had ever seen. His manner, too, was the impersonation of kindness. He introduced himself as Major Lee. . . . Major Lee had been offered the same place and did not think it consistent with his duty to the United States government to accept it. He came to advise with Mr. Davis and to say this."

This occurrence was given to the world in Mrs. Davis's "Memoir of Jefferson Davis" (1879), and most probably General Lee was never informed of it.

ORIGIN OF TENNESSEE.

Just a little bit of Paradise left over,
A little that the angels didn't need
When the great work of creation was completed,
As the Architect Almighty had decreed.
A little bit of lofty, wind-swept highland,
And a little bit of blossom-covered lea,
And a little bit of meadow strewn with blue grass—
So they set it down and called it Tennessee.

With the beauty of the star shine in the valleys,
And the glory of the sunlight on the plains;
With the magic of the moon gleam on the hillsides,
With the tender Southern winds and summer rains,
With the wealth of mine and forest they endowed her,
And with mighty rivers flowing swift and free.
O, 'twas just a bit of Paradise, left over
So they set it down and called it Tennessee.

—Lydia O'Neil.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEWS ON GENERAL LEE.

SOME COMMENTS ON SIR FREDERICK MAURICE'S "ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER."

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

In "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier," by Sir Frederick Maurice, major general in the British Army, which is attracting considerable attention both at home and abroad, there is so much in praise of General Lee that it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to General Lee's admirers; but along with this, the author makes some statements that are at variance with well-established facts, and which, it may be assumed, is due to inaccurate information and that should not be permitted to pass unchallenged. For instance, at page 21, he puts words in General Forrest's mouth that General Forrest never uttered—"fustest" and "mostest." As is well known, General Forrest was not an educated man, but he is represented by those who knew him, and which is confirmed by documents in his own hand writing, as having sufficient education neither to pronounce nor spell these words in the manner quoted. The fact is, I have never heard of these words being so pronounced by the most ignorant, either North or South, and this includes negro talk dating back to the days of slavery. I have occasionally seen these words so spelled in print in recent years and attributed to General Forrest, evidently the product of the imagination of some enterprising newspaper correspondent seeking to impress the public by presenting Forrest in as bizarre a manner as possible, and which seems to be a penalty that some who attain greatness not infrequently have to pay. It generally attaches to those who accomplish the worth while unexpectedly. If General Maurice had sought information from those who knew General Forrest, he would not have credited for a moment such misrepresentation.

At pages 70 and 73, General Maurice asserts that President Davis was a good judge of men and credits him with capacity to select good generals. I have never heard a like opinion expressed of Mr. Davis by any prominent military man with whom I have conversed, either of the Confederate or Federal army. What can be said of Mr. Davis's selection of Bragg, Pemberton, and Hood to command great armies? His under-rating Jackson, and later Forrest, his unfavorable criticism of Jackson's Valley Campaign, presumably the only person who ever did so; his continually hampering Joseph E. Johnston, and really placing Bragg, whom Johnston had superseded, over Johnston in the capacity of Military Adviser to the President; and finally superseding Johnston with Hood. General Grant stated that he felt more uneasy with Johnston in his front than he did with Robert E. Lee. Also, Mr. Davis's not infrequently interfering with and overruling or disregarding General Lee's suggestions. The Confederate Congress in 1862 passed an act for the commissioning of seven lieutenant generals. These commissions were issued by President Davis in October, 1862, and, although General Jackson had prior to that date gained more distinction by reason of his numerous successful operations, which included his Valley campaign, Second Manassas, capture of Harper's Ferry, and his active participation in the battle of Antietam, than either of the other generals commissioned by Mr. Davis, yet Mr. Davis, in issuing the commissions pursuant thereto, so dated them as to give each of the other six generals precedence in rank over General Jackson, notwithstanding the fact that General Jackson's commission as major general bore equal date with four of those selected. Not only this, but in the case of General Pemberton, General Jackson had outranked him as major general, Jackson's commission as

major general antedating Pemberton's by more than four months. Pemberton had never achieved anything worthy of notice, and later exhibited such incapacity at Vicksburg that public sentiment forced his resignation, and he thenceforward served with the rank of colonel to the close of the war.

Such discrimination on the part of President Davis would have forced the resignation of almost any general in the army; and it is claimed that only Jackson's extreme patriotism and high sense of duty to his country restrained him from tendering his resignation and to patiently submit to the indignity. General Jackson's resignation at that period of the war, with publicity as to the cause, would have placed Mr. Davis in anything but an enviable attitude before the public and with what consequences it might have been attended can now be but a matter of conjecture.*

At page 81, General Maurice indorses Livermore's estimate as to the size of the Confederate army, making it nearly double its actual size. We have an abundance of evidence as to the approximate number in the Confederate army—much better authority than Livermore. The white population alone in the Southern States, taken from the then late census of 1860, making due allowance for the Union element, dodgers, and slackers, which were only too numerous in each of the States, giving due credit for those in the Confederate army coming from border and other States north of the border, furnishes a complete refutation of Mr. Livermore's estimates. One reason for erroneous conclusion on the part of some as to number in the Confederate army is probably not generally understood. A custom prevailed in the Southern army which was unusual in the Federal army—viz., the frequent transfer of men from one regiment to another. This was such a common occurrence that many ex-Confederates can name two and not infrequently more regiments in which they served at different periods of the war. In this way an enlisted man could easily be counted more than once. An article appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of June, 1923, wherein the subject of the number enrolled in the Confederate army is most intelligently discussed, and reliable authorities cited and quoted by the writer, Mr. Cornelius B. Hite, of Washington, D.C., an ex-Confederate, and in which he makes clear that there were not to exceed 600,000 men and boys in the Confederate army from the commencement to the close of hostilities. In the New York Times's "Current History," early in 1923, substantially the same number is given upon the authority of Hon. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War (U. S.), 1867, and Hon. Whitelaw Reid, one-time Ambassador to Great Britain and proprietor and publisher of the New York Tribune, both of whom place the number who served in the Confederate army at 600,000, obtained from captured official records. If General Maurice had had access to a copy of C. Gardiner's "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," published in 1906, wherein numerous authorities are quoted, it is not at all probable that he would have accepted Mr. Livermore's estimate as to numbers in the Confederate service.

At page 184, General Maurice finds no difficulty in the interpretation of General Lee's reply to Mr. Bledsoe's letter relative to who suggested or originated Jackson's flank movement around Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, and which has so puzzled Mr. Gamaliel Bradford in his "Lee, the Ameri-

*The commissions issued by President Davis, were dated as follows: James Longstreet from October 9, 1862; E. Kirby Smith, October 9, 1862; Leonidas Polk, October 10, 1862; William J. Hardee, October 10, 1862; T. H. Holmes, October 10, 1862; John C. Pemberton, October 10, 1862; Thomas J. Jackson, October 11, 1862. Jackson's commission as major general was dated October 7, 1861. Pemberton's commission as major general was dated February 13, 1862.

can." I read that letter very much as Mr. Bradford read it. Lee did not answer Bledsoe's question at all. One does not have to be a military man to know what Lee does make plain in his reply. Neither Jackson nor any other general would march off with a part of Lee's army without being ordered to do so. My own conclusion is that both Lee and Jackson fully realized that there was no opening for an attack on either Hooker's center or left—that it was apparent to both that the drive, if practicable at all, must be on the enemy's right; that in the discussion of this matter between them and the arrival at the final conclusion as to the method of the movement and attack as far as it was possible to do in advance, that General Lee, if asked the question afterwards, could not have answered positively as to which one had made the first suggestion for the move. Of course, it was authorized or ordered by General Lee, as Commander in Chief of the Army; but from the first move forward everything was completely with Jackson. Either Generals Lee or Jackson, if alone, was perfectly capable of planning and carrying out such a movement. If I am correct in the above surmise, General Lee not being able to give Mr. Bledsoe a "yes" or "no" answer, replied in the manner he did; and hence Mr. Bradford's difficulty in understanding General Lee's letter. For General Lee to have replied that he could not remember whether he, Lee, or Jackson, first suggested the move, should his answer be given publicity, which it doubtless would, the public generally, aside from those who knew General Lee personally, or knew his character and reputation well, would be very apt to misinterpret his answer; hence prudence and wisdom dictated the reply Lee made to Bledsoe.

As to what General Maurice writes at page 284 as to the tragedy in Lee's life, and that Lee's after life showed it, General Maurice has evidently given full play to his imagination, with no personal knowledge of General Lee and most certainly without consulting the best authorities. General Lee's own words, given on unquestionable authority, that of Prof. M. W. Humphrey, of the University of Virginia, completely ends all discussion of that subject. Professor Humphrey was educated at Washington College (now Washington and Lee) during General Lee's presidency, and was also an instructor there. In an article on "Lee after Appomattox," he relates a conversation had with General Lee (while a student), in which General Lee expressed the opinion that Mr. Humphrey was working too hard, to which Humphrey replied: "I am so impatient to make up for the time I lost in the army." I got no further, Lee flushed and exclaimed in an almost angry tone: "Mr. Humphrey! However long you live, and whatever you accomplish, you will find that the time you spent in the Confederate army was the most profitably spent portion of your life. Never again speak of having lost time in the army." (See "Robert E. Lee after Appomattox," page 39.)

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF AVERASBORO, N. C.

BY JESSIE S. SMITH, HISTORIAN CHICORA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The battle of Averasboro, N. C., so called from a nearby hamlet of that name, took place on March 16, 1865, and we find it recorded as a skirmish. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in command of Confederate military operations in North Carolina, and from various sources had collected an army of 25,000 men. Against these was moving General Sherman's army which had devastated South Carolina. A small detachment, composed chiefly of South Carolinians, was detailed to check the advancing forces of Sherman and thereby enable General Hardee to join General Johnston. The first shock of arms was this, known as the battle of Averasboro.

The main line of battle extended through the section where Chicora Cemetery is located. The breastworks, part of which still remain, extended from Black River across to Cape Fear River, a distance of several miles.

After fighting all day, our men were finally compelled to withdraw with great loss of life. Those killed were principally Charlestonians, among them Lieut. Col. Robert De Treville. Those who escaped were so closely pressed that they were unable to bury their dead, so the enemy placed the bodies in hastily dug graves.

Soon after the close of the war, the neighbors in the vicinity of the battle field disinterred these bodies of our dead and removed them to an appropriate spot near the third line of breastworks. This spot they named Chicora. Very appropriate the name seems, as Chicora is the Indian name for Carolina, and most of the dead were South Carolinians, whose memories have been carefully cherished by this North Carolina community.

As interesting as the battle field are the homes of the neighborhood; Smithville it was called. These homes escaped the torch usually applied, doubtless because they were necessary to the Union troops. The Farquhard Smith home was used as headquarters for the Federal troops.

At first various indignities were suffered, but later General Slocumb, the commanding officer, provided a guard which prevented further trouble. An interesting incident is told showing the spirit of the times. General Slocumb asked to meet the ladies of the family, remarking that Mrs. Smith was a relative of his. Mr. Smith's reply was: "When you cross the Mason and Dixon line, all ties of blood are lost." We don't wonder at this feeling when we realize that the old gentleman had furnished eight sons to the service—one in the



MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF AVERASBORO.

home guard, six in the army of Virginia, and, a few days before, his youngest, a lad of sixteen, had joined General Hardee's staff as courier.

The William Smith home, now standing just as in the sixties, was used as a Federal hospital. The parlor, on which blood stains are yet to be seen, was used as an operating



OAK GROVE, THE JOHN SMITH HOME, BUILT ABOUT 1800.

room; and the piano, now the treasured possession of a granddaughter, was used for an operating table. The Federal soldiers dying here were first buried in the garden, but all of these, as well as those killed in the battle of Aversboro, were later moved to the Federal cemetery in Raleigh.

The most interesting of the three homes is the old John Smith place, which was vacated by the family and used as the Confederate hospital. It is one of the few homes to which the passing years have brought no architectural changes. It still stands, though now more than a century old, as simply and as proudly as in those trying days of 1865. In the attic are still to be seen the holes made by the cannon balls; and on an upstairs bedroom floor are still discernible the blood-stains left by wounded Confederate soldiers. To this hospital most of the wounded were carried, all who could be accommodated. When, however, its rooms were filled to overflowing, other homes and neighbors came to the rescue. Some were carried to the Bunnlev-1 section and there tenderly nursed. Most of these recovered, but those who did not, three or four, were buried there.

One soldier, a man from Arkansas, was nursed for weeks at the home of Mr. Chris C. McLellan, and was buried near the McLellan home rather than at Chicora, supposedly at his own or his family's request.

Several soldiers were nursed at the home of Mr. Neill Stewart, another home which, by the way, though not in the line of battle, stands just as in war days. All of these men recovered except one, Alfred H. Angel, of South Carolina. Despite the careful nursing of many weeks, he finally died and was buried at Aversboro, his family expecting at the time to move the body to their home. This, however, was never done. In appreciation of the unselfish care given him, his family presented the Stewarts with a handsome solid silver service. Needless to say this is a carefully treasured heirloom.

Only those who have heard the women of that day talk can realize the poverty of those days for this community. First Johnston's army had passed through taking the necessary supplies for our men, and then came Sherman's army pillaging everywhere. For food there was only a little corn left, and sometimes some meat which had been buried or hidden. Great was the problem of procuring food for the pa-

tients at the hospital. The ladies living near by, who went in to nurse each day, carried part of their frugal suppers of corn muffin and hominy, while those living farther away, those who had saved some cows and chickens and so had milk and eggs, made such delicacies as they could contrive and sent each day to the hospital.

We of the present day can but marvel that there was sufficient strength and spirit left, after going through all the hardships of that period, for the women to begin immediately the work of "carrying on." However, they did it.

To the John Smith home—Oak Grove it was called—there came also the proud honor of receiving the first, or one of the first, memorial associations organized in the South. The ladies of the neighborhood had, during the year 1866, formed an organization and decorated the graves in that spring, and now the Confederate hospital," again occupied by its former owners, opened its doors with gracious hospitality to receive these ladies, who, on May 15, 1867, formally organized the Smithville Memorial Association "for the purpose of procuring funds for inclosing the cemetery and for erecting a monument to the memory of our Confederate dead who fell in the battle of Aversboro, N. C." The old organization was sustained and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. Julia J. Williams; Vice Presidents, Mrs. R. R. Roberson, Miss Bettie Sanders, Miss Sallie Smith, Miss S. E. Smith; Secretary, Miss Louise Smith; Treasurer, Miss Janie Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. C. Smith.

How diligently this memorial association labored is shown by the fact that as early as February 15, 1868, a substantial iron railing was purchased for the cemetery. A monument, a handsome one for its time, was then erected and unveiled May 10, 1872. As to the work and sacrifice required to accomplish this, the following is copied from a letter written by the last surviving charter member of the association, one who has since gone to join those brave comrades of the sixties: "While this monument fittingly marks the resting place of loved and honored dead, fallen heroes of the Confederate army, yet it also memorializes the devotion, heroism, and nobility of soul of their survivors. In those days a dollar loomed large with importance and each gift represented toil and sacrifice." The work was begun just after our country had been devastated by the enemy and was still garrisoned by Federal troops. Collection of funds was carried on during the period of reconstruction.

Also, from South Carolina there came funds to help with the monument, most generous they were, too, for the time, for Sherman had also passed their way.

Through all the sixty intervening years since those brave men so nobly gave their all, the same spirit of devotion to a righteous cause has kept alive the old memorial association. Not once has a 10th of May rolled around that the cemetery has not been put in order and appropriate exercises held. And this the more remarkable as it is an isolated country neighborhood.

On May 10, 1904, the Smithville Memorial Association became the Chicora Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Dunn, N. C. Right bravely has the Daughter carried on the work of the Mother association. Could the organizers of the sixties look down, they might proudly say: "Well done, my daughters."

O Mothers of the Sixties! yours was a noble work, nobly done. The torch held so high and yet so bravely has been passed to our hands. Ours the task to hold it high, ours the task to pass it on. May we bear it in your same lofty spirit; may we carry on the work with your same unselfish devotion.

WHEN FARRAGUT PASSED THE FORTS.

BY CAPT. JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

I was attached to the Confederate steamship *Jackson*, Capt. W. Gwathmey commanding, when first ordered to New Orleans in 1861, and later was with the Confederate steamship *McRae* as third assistant engineer, Capt. Thomas Huger commanding, and was on duty when Farragut passed the forts. The *McRae* was a bark-rigged steamer of about 600 tons, and its battery consisted of one nine-inch Dahlgren on pivot amidship, one twelve-pound howitzer on the poop, six 32-pounders, three on each broadside, and could make not over ten knots. She was a sister ship to the *Sumter*.

The *McRae* lay a short distance above the *Louisiana* on the Fort St. Philip side of the river when the officer of the deck reported the fleet coming up below the point. I gave orders to call the chief engineer and spread the fires as the ships came up. We had worked out to midstream with fifteen pounds of steam. As the ships passed they gave us a terrific broadside, and we opened with the nine-inch pivot and thirty-two pounder. At the third round the pivot gun burst and was out of service; the shots from the enemy ships cut away our spars, stack, and bulwarks, and passed through from one side and out of the other, leaving large openings. Captain Huger was standing above the engine room when an eleven-inch shell exploded near him, taking off his leg; and a part of the same shell took off part of First-Class Oiler Hendricks's head, who was standing near me in the engine room. Captain Huger was taken below, while Lieutenant Reed assumed command and followed the enemy up to the point, when the rudder chain was shot away and the ship struck the bank. At this time all of Farragut's ships had passed up above the point with apparently little damage. After repairing the chain, the *McRae* dropped down stream and reported ready for action. The casualties on the *McRae* were nineteen killed and wounded. The *McRae* was sent up to New Orleans under a flag of truce with sick and wounded. All the young officers, along with myself, went to the steamer *Landers* to get her ready to tow the *Louisiana* below the point to try to sink Porter's mortar fleet, but Colonel Duncan raised the white flag at Fort Jackson and it was given up, and the *Landers* along with the *Louisiana* was set on fire and blown up. When the fleet passed up above the point, Lieut. Beverly Kennon, C. S. N., in command of the Governor Moore of the State navy, fired into the *Varuna* through the hull of his ship and then rammed her, sinking her, and then set fire to the Governor Moore and deserted her. Lieutenant Kennon did more execution than all the navy and forts combined. The action of the State navy under Admiral Montgomery was most active, as, with the exception of two of his ships that stuck in the mud, he succeeded in passing up the river at the quarantine station about the time Farragut's ship reached there—and may be going yet.

A raft of logs had been anchored in the river between Forts Jackson and St. Philip, leaving a passage between St. Philip and the raft. Had this raft (or one like it) been in position at the time Farragut would never have passed up the river. This raft was taken away by the drift from up the river, and in its place was a line of five old hulks with a heavy chain passed over them. When Porter opened with his guns, these hulks went down, and, at the time Farragut passed up, there was but one left and that was not in the way. The chain was never cut; it went down with the hulks.

At this time there was being built at New Orleans a powerful ironclad called the *Mississippi*, which would soon be in commission. She was superior to anything afloat at that time. She was 270 feet long, 60 feet beam, mounting sixteen

heavy guns, and had a casemate of fourteen inches of oak and pine covered with six inches of iron, and was to make nine knots. Farragut knew that with the *Mississippi* once in service he would be driven out of the river and from the Gulf, as she would have sunk any ship he had and opened the path to New Orleans. Farragut was an able officer who could decide what to do and when to do it. There is no doubt that had the *Mississippi* been in commission he would have lost out, and he knew it. When Porter found we had blown the *Louisiana* up and he would have no prize from the regular Confederate States navy, he sent us all north as prisoners and paroled all the army officers. I am sure we all felt it was better than to face the good people of New Orleans, as we had nothing to be proud of in the surrender of the forts.

When we reached Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, we were placed under Colonel Dimmick, a regular army officer, and, as we found out, a splendid officer in every way. Our quarters were in the casemates, the bunks one over the other, a hard plank spring, a thin mattress and blanket; but everything was clean, and we had our own mess. We all took turns in our duty, and my first duty was to bring water in a large barrel. We always had an escort who would give us a resting spell. Then I got the slop duty, and we could argue with our escort as to why there was so much slop to so little water, etc. Then I was promoted to assistant cook, but lost out from putting in the soup a lot of raw potatoes. My next duty suited me. Lieutenant Luny, from Tennessee, was fond of rest, and so was the last to draw our rations, and our casemate got the leavings. I appointed myself as his assistant and was the first at the commissary. I found that the sergeant was from Ireland, and as my tree came from that section, we soon became good friends. He told me to come early, and he would give me the best cuts of beef, and I could pick my potatoes and onions, etc. I gave such satisfaction to the mess that I was promoted to the Lieutenant's place and held it up to the time I was exchanged.

Quite a number of political prisoners were in the fort, most of them from Baltimore. The ladies from that city were very generous in sending money and clothing to us, and I was fortunate in having friends in Philadelphia who gave me all I wanted. One of my friends was a great friend of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and he wrote that if I wished, he could have me paroled and I might make application to be reappointed to the United States navy. I thanked him, but said I would return South when exchanged. Dr. Magill, from Baltimore, took good care of us, but he made the largest pills I ever saw, and at times we kept well in preference to taking his pills. We called them "Magill Scrapers." There was a rule at the fort that the quartermaster should not pay to any prisoner more than \$5 at one time from any funds in his hands.

I ordered a uniform sent from Oak Hall, Boston, to have Maryland buttons, and the cost was thirty-seven dollars. I went to Major McPherson, the quartermaster, and asked him for the money. The Major informed me of the order, but that, as there was no time set as to the payments, I could trot around the fort that many times and the sutler would bring home the suit; and I got it.

When the time came for us to be exchanged, Colonel Dimmick shook hands with all of us, said we had not given him any trouble, and wished us a safe trip home, etc. I am sure there was not one of us but felt the kindest for the good treatment we had received from him as well as his staff while at the fort. In all the time we were there every dollar or package sent to us was received. While at Fort Delaware it was the reverse, as so many of our boys found out, and so many of them died, while we did not have one death.

When we arrived at Hampton Roads we found a number of steamers with some five thousand to seven thousand Confederates aboard to be exchanged—and what a contrast to those from Fort Warren, so many of them on stretchers and others not much better off.

About this time General McClellan had been forced by General Lee to fall back on Harrison's Landing on the James River, and he was short of munitions and provisions, so we came in good time to make use of a flag of truce to help him out. We could see what a great help it was to the army to have a navy to fall back on, as they were shelling our troops, but did not fire after the flag of truce boats came up. No rations were served to us on the steamer, and we were in a bad way, while the ship was loaded with provisions for McClellan's army. Lieutenant Parry, who was in charge of us from Fort Warren, went to the quartermaster in charge and told him if rations were not served at once he would do it—and we got them. I paid the cook fifty cents for a cup of coffee and one hard-tack, but I gave most of it to a sick veteran, then went back to the cook and asked for coffee. As it was oversweet, he filled the cup and then put more sugar in it. When we arrived at Akin's Landing we had to carry many poor fellows on shore on stretchers. One poor fellow was so far gone he died a few minutes after landing, and he was thankful it was in Dixie.

I reported at Richmond, and was ordered to Charleston, S. C. When we got to the train, it was full to the top, but there was a rule that ladies with an escort could get a seat. Dent, my shipmate, saw a woman with a baby making for the train. He took the baby and I the lady and so got past the guard and got a seat. When the train reached Florence, S. C., we were told that we could get a meal for one dollar at the eating house, but we found a line of hungry veterans waiting for the door to open and saw little chance of gaining admission to the dining room. Passing back of the hotel, we saw a negro woman washing at a tub on a bench under the dining room window. I gave her a dollar to upset the tub and place it on the bench; then I got in the window and pulled Dent up. We found the table ready, so we took our seats and started work. Looking back toward the window, we saw a line of hungry veterans that about filled every seat before the door was opened by the landlord, and when he did, he was dead so far as outsiders who had paid a dollar were concerned. When we came out I paid him \$3, as I had a lunch for a schoolmate of Savannah, Ga., who was too sick to make the window. I doubt that the landlord got a dollar from those others who got in the window.

When we returned to the car the guard would not let us enter the ladies' car, but when I gave him a part of the lunch I had for the lady he let me pass. Dent had to get on top of the coach for the rest of the way to Charleston. I reported for duty to Flag Officer Ingraham, Confederate States navy, at Charleston, S. C., where I saw the splendid defense of forts Sumter and Wagner. These forts were under the terrific fire of all the monitors and also the heavy guns of the frigate New Ironsides. Fort Sumter was made a pile of bricks and mortar, all the guns dismounted except one on the east side, but Sumter never surrendered. Wagner stood a terrific bombardment from the fleet, and at night an assault from the army of ten times their number, yet held out until it was found impossible to provision the fort or give them ammunition, when the fort was evacuated.

EARLY EMANCIPATION MOVEMENTS.—In 1832 T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for emancipation and colonization of the negroes.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

A CONFEDERATE PRISONER.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

To write of a Confederate soldier as a prisoner of war at Point Lookout may be of little interest to the few left of the thousands imprisoned there, since one as well as another remembers well what that life was. I was a private soldier in Company G, 7th South Carolina Cavalry, Gary's Brigade. This brigade was composed of the regiment named, the Hampton Legion, and the 24th Virginia Cavalry.

Though the Legion and the 24th Virginia were old organizations, the brigade was not organized till late in April, 1864, and it served on the north side of the James till Richmond was evacuated. The brigade was armed with short Enfield rifles, sabers, and pistols, but the sabers were used rarely, as the brigade usually fought dismounted. All the Chickahominy country became very familiar to the men of this brigade. We were camped at Deep Bottom, about nine or ten miles east of Richmond, in September, 1864, and about the twenty-second day of that month a call for sixteen volunteers was made for men to do picket duty at and about White House Landing on the Pamunkey River, some thirty miles east, or northeast, of Richmond and in rear of Grant's army, and I was one of the number. The railroad bridge across the river at the landing was not destroyed during the war, and, during the time after Grant reached Petersburg, hundreds of deserters and bounty jumpers would leave the army, cross the Pamunkey on this bridge, and go North to places they were not known. Men in the North were then paid \$1,000 to volunteer. They would accept the money, go to Virginia, stay a few days, pull out for a new place in the North, and for another thousand dollars they would volunteer again, hence were called bounty jumpers.

We remained on duty at the White House till about the middle of the afternoon, September 28, when we were relieved, and shortly left for our camp at Deep Bottom. About half way we camped for the night. On the morning of the 29th we left camp and soon began to scatter, but a comrade named Chapman and I remained together till we got to Darbytown, when he turned west for Richmond and I continued south toward the camp alone. I had gone about two miles, riding in a slow walk, when I went to sleep, and was awakened by a pistol shot right at me, and found the Yankees were all around me.

It proved to be the 8th Pennsylvania, the advance guard of Kautz's Division of Cavalry. During the night of the 28th, Hancock's Corps and Kautz's Division of Cavalry crossed the river, drove back Gary's Brigade and what few other troops were in the vicinity of Deep Bottom, and the cavalry was moving north when I was captured, disarmed, and turned back toward Darbytown with a guard on each side of me. After going something like a half mile, I, with one guard, was ordered to the side of the road, and there we sat on our horses till the division passed and General Kautz came up. It seemed that I was the first prisoner they had captured that morning, and Kautz told me to ride with him. He asked me a number of questions about where picket posts were and where our soldiers were camped. I told where and how long I had been away and knew nothing about such things. He seemed to believe me, and then, with a modest smile, asked me if we had had a good deal of fresh beef lately. I answered in the affirmative, as that was soon after General Hampton went in the rear of Grant's army and drove out to our lines 2,500 head of beeves from about City Point. General Kautz was riding a beautiful mahogany bay, and mine was about the same color, but rather thin. After taking a look at mine, he asked if feed was not rather scarce on our side.

By this time we had gotten to Darbytown and turned toward Richmond on the Charles City road, and he told me to ride out to the side of the road and the same guard came out to me. When the head of the column got near our works, some shells were fired down among the Yankees, when they began, in confusion, to turn north out of the road. Where they were leaving the road I saw about half dozen dead horses lying in the road and three or four dead Yankees lying on the side of the road. The division continued north and camped near the Chickahominy River that night. Next morning the enemy turned back south, and when we got somewhere southwest of Darbytown, I was dismounted and put with some other prisoners, and we were marched to the Yankee pontoon bridge, and there held in the rain without shelter till after dark, when we were marched across the river and on to City Point in the dark, mud, and rain. There we were crowded into a small room with one door and one small window. The door was shut, and visions of "The Dark Hole of Calcutta" loomed up before me. We were wet, cold, and hungry. I had had nothing to eat but a few crackers my guard gave me that morning. Next morning, we were moved to the "Bull Pen," a level, smooth ground with no shelter.

This was the first day of October, and about the middle of the afternoon it began to rain and continued to pour down till dark, when we were put aboard a vessel in which beeves for Grant's army had been shipped to City Point. We arrived at Point Lookout on the morning of October 5, and I was quartered in a Sibley tent, Company B, Second Division. I knew no one of the twelve or fourteen men who were in the tent, and I felt like I was a long ways from home. We slept on the hard ground with one blanket under and one over us. Our rations were, for twenty-four hours, a half loaf of baker's bread and a piece of meat about as wide and long as my three fingers, but cut very thin. At noon a pint of hot water called vegetable soup was given us, each cup containing about half a dozen beans or that many small pieces of cabbage leaves. In the tent were two Louisiana Frenchmen named Dupre and Gusman (pronounced Dupra and Goozmar). We made two meals of our meat and bread, and when done eating we were about as hungry as before. I remained in that tent about three months and I was ravenously hungry all the time, and practically all the time I was asleep I dreamed of being at home eating, but never eating enough to satisfy my hunger. No one who has not had that experience can imagine the suffering of one who is continuously hungry for three long months.

The camp was laid off in divisions, with streets between like a town. After I had been there about three months, the eleventh division was formed. These divisions were composed of ten companies, lettered like a regiment. The roll was called every morning and evening by a Confederate, called a sergeant, and a Yankee stood by to see and hear. Dupre was made sergeant of Company K, of the eleventh division, and when he was ready to move to that division, he invited me and Gusman to share his tent, and the Yankees agreed for us to go. Our tent was made of plank walls about 5½ feet high and was covered with heavy cloth. We procured bunks and were more comfortable there. Every morning Dupre would call three extra names, and Gusman and I, being in the ranks, would answer our names when called, and we would take it time about answering for one and two of the extra names, and Gusman would draw the three extra rations. I was appointed what was known as "Sick Sergeant." Each division had a Confederate surgeon, and it was my duty to report to the surgeon every morning after roll call those of Company K who were not sick enough to be sent outside to

the hospital. The winter was very cold and many suffered from frostbite, and the surgeon usually gave me about half a pint of iodine with which I painted the frost-bitten feet. For some he gave me other medicine, and I would deliver it to the proper persons and tell them how to use it. I drew the rations for the sick, and every morning I would report two or three extra names, draw their rations, and take them to our tent. So we had from six to nine rations every day, and by this means we fared well. In February, 1865, some exchanges of prisoners were made. The divisions lined north and south, and Major Brady had the prisoners in a division formed into lines facing, and some six or seven feet apart. Company K was about the middle of the division, and he would begin at the north and select the weakest and shabbiest looking ones and march them before him between the lines, and by the time he got to Company K he would have forty or fifty in front of him. The first drive he made I asked him to let me go, but he did not seem to hear me. About the middle of March he made another drive, and when a few of the selected men had passed me, and Major Brady was looking at the line opposite to the one I was in, I fell in line with the selected and marched on very unconcerned, for I knew Major Brady did not know me from anyone else, and I reckon I looked about as shabby as any of them, as I was not nineteen years old and small for my age. And thus I got out.

The water at Point Lookout was obtained from wells, and I have read many complaints since the war that it was very bad and unwholesome, but as to that I have no recollection. During the winter many soldiers died in their tents of sickness and numbers froze to death, and it was currently stated that fifteen was the average daily deaths at the hospital. It snowed five times during the winter, and frequently the bay would freeze over one hundred yards from the shore, and yet the prisoners were not allowed a spark of fire. My health was good the entire time I was there.

A noisy, loud-mouthed Yankee named Kelly attended the roll calls in the eleventh division, and sometimes he would cheer us with the remark that he had a sister in Connecticut, and he would rather see her marry a nigger than a rebel. We could make no reply, but were willing for him to make that selection if his sister was. Negroes guarded the prisoners all the time I was there, and but two spoke to me. The second day I was there I sat down on the street bank next to the wall, and, in a kindly way, as I thought, the guard told me I must not sit on that side of the street and I must move away. On the other occasion a negro guard came to our tent in the eleventh division one morning after being relieved and had a gun in his hand, but he only asked me if I had any rings to sell.

To be cold and hungry all the time for months is a hard life to live, but I was told that all the sergeants and sick sergeants drew extra rations as Dupre and I did. But there were few so lucky compared to the 15,000 prisoners confined there.

I have always been proud of the fact that I was a Confederate soldier, as I thought then that the cause of the South was just and right, and I am still of that opinion. I have never taken the oath of allegiance.

"They marched all day thro' cold and heat,
They marked the ground with bleeding feet,
They hungered, suffered, died—'twas sweet
To give their all. The noble band,
With much to love, loved most their native land."

HISTORIC CHURCHES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.*

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The first English Church established in the province of Carolina was St. Philip's (the Church of England in America). This historic old church was built just where old St. Michael's now stands at the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets, and was called at that time "The English Church," 1681-82. It was built of black cypress on a brick foundation. In the year 1710 a new church was started, as the old one had begun to show signs of decay. This new building was placed on the site of the present church, but was found too small for the increasing size of the congregation, so a second building was started, and in the year 1723 the first service was held. In 1835 a great fire swept Charleston, and this beautiful old church was entirely destroyed. Another building was immediately begun, and the first service was held on the 3rd of May, 1836.

The cemetery of St. Philip's is wonderfully interesting, and possibly the most historic in the entire country, for some of South Carolina's most distinguished men are buried here, and the names of many Revolutionary men of note are engraved on the tombstones in the churchyard. In the western cemetery stands a great marble sarcophagus to that intellectual giant, John C. Calhoun. This old graveyard is often called the "Westminster Abbey of South Carolina."

The "Mariner's Light," in the belfry of this old spire, for many years sent its brightness far out to sea, a cheerful welcome to the storm-tossed sailors to enter the peaceful harbor and drop anchor from their ships. What a beautiful thought, the light of the old church to guide the wanderer on the seas to cross the bar into a safe haven.

The corner stone of old St. Michael's Episcopal church was



OLD ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH AND A PART OF THE HISTORIC CHURCHYARD.

*Illustrations by George W. Johnson, photographer, 71 Hasell Street, Charleston, S. C.

laid on the 17th of February, 1752, and it is said that the architect was a successor to the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren, who planned and built so many wonderful churches in London, one of them being St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which St. Michael's, "they say," in some respects resembles. The bells and clock came from Old England in 1764, and the organ in 1768. Five times these old bells have crossed the ocean. In 1782, when the British evacuated Charleston, St. Michael's bells were shipped back to England and sold. A merchant of Charleston, then in London, purchased them and returned the old bells to Charleston, and they were replaced in the beautiful belfry in the year 1783. During the War between the States, 1861-65, they were taken for safety to Columbia, our State capital, but when Sherman made his march through our beautiful Dixieland, leaving crumbling chimneys, black and charred, standing out among ruined homes, and entered Columbia to put fire to the town on the Congaree River, the old bells were so badly damaged that it was found necessary to send them back to England and have them recast in the original patterns, which had been kept for a hundred years by the successors of the old firm in London that did the first casting. In 1867 the old bells were again placed in the fine old steeple to ring out to Charleston and her people their gladness to be safe at home again in "the old city by the sea."

Old Charleston—and to-day is Sunday. The clear sunlight falls over the city streets from skies bluer than any sea—about the harbor and down on the Battery. The clear sweet chimes of St. Michael's bells are playing some of the old hymns that take you back to the long ago. Years have gone by since you first listened to the voice of the bells. In memory the music has come to you often when far away from home. Have they changed? Not a bit, yet they are growing very old, these bells.

When the early spring comes again the yellow jasmine will climb the bushes along the country roads and the white Cherokee roses too, and it will be a sort of Garden of Eden in our low country in South Carolina.

But listen to the bells to-day! Their chimes are striking very slowly tunes of the past, the ones which, when a little child, you remember the organ used to play in church at home, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain"—yet down the streets is all sunshine. You almost hear the very words as they ring out:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle."

How sweet are the chimes of Old St. Michael's bells to-day, how quiet the streets as you wander toward the Battery. The beautiful flower gardens, hidden so often behind high brick walls, will soon be adding sweetness to the old town on the Ashley. Legare Street, where I was born, never changes. The lamp-post is still in use, but the old lamplighter who used to come at twilight to make the street a little brighter must be gone, for that was so very long ago.

Old Charleston, you are full of romance. You are so very different from all other cities in our Southland, it is a delight to visit you again and again, because you hold something in your past that tells, as does no other place, of the beauty and sweet life of the Old South that we, the older generation, love so much. You represent a civilization that made this land of ours great—Dixieland—the Mother of the Nation—the Old South—the sweetest chapter in history.

A VISIT TO OLD ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

One Sunday afternoon I visited old St. Andrew's Church, near the banks of the Ashley River. The day was quite cool and the sun was trying hard to warm the earth as we drove

along the public road toward Magnolia Gardens, under the long limbs of the big live oak trees; the little negro children were standing about the roadway holding bunches of holly branches to sell to the passers-by; the broom straw along the



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SHADED BY GREAT TREES.

edge of the fields was blazing up along the route into bright flames where the wind blew the odor of burning stubble through the air across the Ashly River Highway—just an early winter day in the low country, where the woods were full of Christmas berries.

The little Episcopal church was so sweetly dressed with holly, out there in the silence of the great trees where the tides ebb and flow near by. This quaint old church has been standing for over two hundred years, for over the door is carved: "Built in 1706." Charlestown must have been just a scattered little settlement about that time, struggling forward to make herself a port, for South Carolina was a royal province of Great Britain, and Old St. Andrew's held service for the Church of England.

What memories this old church must have! O, if we could only know the past as she does, the long years before the American Revolution, when the old South was making a new civilization and culture, a land of brave men and fairer women than Tennyson ever wrote about. The large planters and land owners of the days of chivalry, with homes along the Ashley and in neighboring parishes—how they must have driven up to Sunday service in their big rocking carriages, the old negro coachman sitting with pride on the high box, handling the ribbons with skill and flourish under the moss-covered live oaks. And now all is changed. An auto glides up and people alight to look around at the building and read the weather-beaten inscriptions on the gray marble tombstones, now so dark with age. Yet, to some, these old and ancient times do not interest them, poor creatures. They want more modern scenes, and they look at those who love the past as "Antiques," "Mossbacks;" but we don't mind their thoughts, for it is a joy to dream with the little church out in the forest near the river bank.

Some Sunday, when the early spring comes to the low country, when the jasmine fills the earth with sweetness, and the Cherokee roses will be climbing the bushes along the river road, and the sunlight dancing on the long pine needles as the wind comes so softly through the trees, the little church will look for you to come to her out in the big woods. She has an old story to tell full to the brim with Christian romances. For two hundred years she has tried to teach the world for better living.

The English first settled Charleston, then the Huguenots, but don't forget the Emerald Isle, and the name of Pierce Butler, John Rutledge, and Francis Marion, the noted "Swamp Fox." The people who came from France and the Irish fought with him against the Tory leader, Sir Banastre Tarleton. Old Erin has always fought for freedom; she has given the world so many soldiers, so many brilliant men.

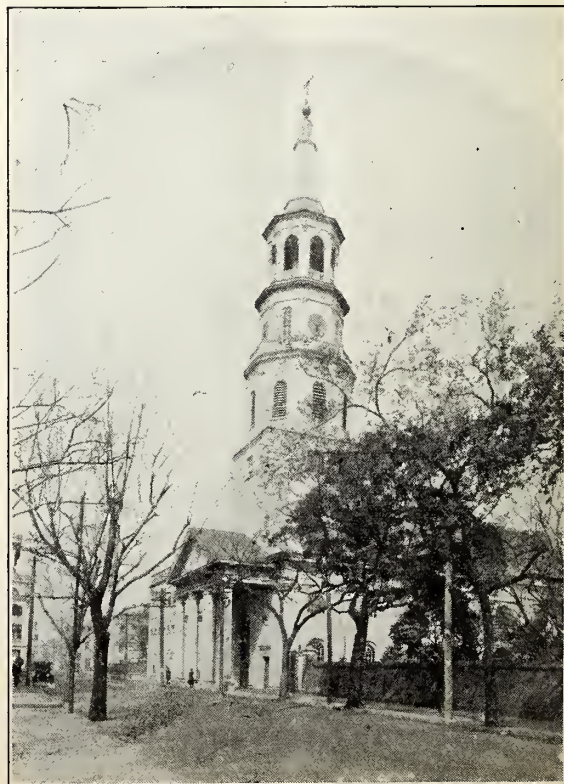
The sun has gone down as we drive homeward, and the skies were pink above the pine tops; it was getting colder, and the country looked so quiet, so restful, as the twilight settled over the road ahead. The air blew stronger as we neared the sea, the lights were coming out across the marshes, for just in front of us was Charleston by the Ocean.

As the big auto swung around the curve on the public highway, the lights of the city blazed out along the edge of the Ashley far down to Chisolm's Mill. The tide was high, as the wind came strong across the rushes; the salt air told you of the sea and the ships anchored out in the stream off the Battery. This was Charleston putting out her lights to night about the Bay.

Charleston, S. C.! Why the very name brings memories of the sea. Just outside the jetties, beyond old Fort Sumter, sweeps the great Atlantic, often restless, yet sometimes so peaceful it seems inside the harbor bar.

To-day the old town is full of sunlight. The red-top houses and tall spires rise in the most beautiful of skies; and when Sunday comes, the sweet chimes of old St. Michael's bells will again float clearly down on the Battery and then far away over the harbor, just as it used to do away back yonder when you were a little child and would watch the sea and the boats and feel so happy.

And to-day, near the banks of the Ashley River, nestling in the big forest of live oaks, stands old St. Andrew's Episcopal Church that for two hundred and nineteen years has watched our Southland grow in wealth and progress—if not in culture



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FOUNDED IN 1752.

or kindly civilization—and the glory of the Old South seems to never leave entirely these beautiful scenes in the low country of South Carolina.



ALONG THE ASHLEY RIVER ROAD, NEAR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

BACK TO THE RAPIDAN.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After crossing the Potomac River on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th of July, the Army of Northern Virginia encamped in the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Darkesville, located between Martinsburg and Winchester. While encamped here, General Lee, in a letter to President Davis, informed him that perhaps half the horses in the cavalry and artillery commands were without shoes; that during the campaign, though iron was captured, the army did not have time to manufacture it into shoes.

Brig. Gen. David McM. Gregg, of the Federal cavalry corps, was sent by General Meade with two brigades across the Potomac River at, or near, Harper's Ferry, on the 16th of July, to interfere with and obstruct communications between Martinsburg and Winchester, Va., when Fitz Lee met and attacked him near Kearneysville and drove his force to within a mile of Shepherdstown, and night put an end to the action. Under the cover of darkness, the Federal cavalry took the road to Charlestown. Col. John H. Drake, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, was mortally wounded. Gregg reported that he found the road strongly picketed with infantry and cavalry—in fact, he was about to run into the entire Confederate army. General Meade ordered him to withdraw.

As has been previously stated, it was General Lee's intention to cross the Shenandoah River and Blue Ridge Mountains into Loudon County to obstruct Meade's advance into Virginia east of the mountains, and accordingly Longstreet was ordered, on July 21, to march to Millwood to secure possession of Ashby's Gap preparatory to such a movement. Longstreet found the Shenandoah flooded and six feet above the fording stage, and the Federals had driven the Confederate cavalry from the gap and held the opposite bank of the river, under which conditions Longstreet was ordered to Manassas and Chester Gaps. At Front Royal he found the river too deep to be forded, but met Corse's Brigade, which had been ordered to march to the Army of Northern Virginia with a pontoon bridge accompanied by several batteries of artillery. The pontoon bridge was soon placed in position, when Longstreet crossed the river, passed through Chester Gap, leaving detachments along the road to hold it for the approaching

Confederate troops, and reached Culpeper Courthouse about noon on the 24th of July.

A. P. Hill's Corps followed Longstreet's toward Culpeper, leaving A. R. Wright's Brigade, of Anderson's Division, to hold Manassas Gap.

On the 21st of July, while encamped near Darkesville, Ewell was directed by General Lee to send a force to capture the Federal general Kelly, commanding a force of about 6,000 strong, guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Early's Division was maneuvered to reach its rear that night while Rodes's Division was moved up and joined Johnson's Division which was tearing up the railroad; and the two were to advance from the front against the force. Though all the maneuvering of the Confederate force was done during the night, expecting to spring a surprise on the enemy, the latter received information through spies and had disappeared during the night.

Ewell's Corps then followed the other two corps in the direction of Front Royal, Rodes's Division leading, and on the night of the 22nd it bivouacked near Winchester; next day, after a march of twenty-three miles, the division found itself facing the greater part of the Army of the Potomac in Manassas Gap, to which point it had been ordered to relieve Brig. Gen. A. R. Wright's Georgia Brigade, commanded by Col. E. J. Walker, but it was too late. On account of the great odds launched against it before the arrival of Rodes's Division, Wright's entire brigade had been deployed as skirmishers and could not be withdrawn. Major Blackford's sharpshooters were deployed and joined Walker's skirmishers, and Colonel O'Neal's Alabama Brigade was also deployed to reinforce the skirmish line; and the remaining four brigades of infantry of the division and Carter's artillery were deployed in line of battle, in support of the other line.

A large Federal force was in view, while others were coming into view through the Gap. A sharp action occurred, but failed to break through Rodes's line. Rodes reported that the Federal "officers acted with great gallantry, but the men behaved in a most cowardly manner. A few shots from Carter's artillery and the skirmishers halted them, broke the line, and put a stop to the engagement." Only a few shots were fired from Rodes's second line of skirmishers, the main line not having to engage. "The action took place in full view of the division, and Walker's Brigade in particular was the subject of admiration; that of the enemy was dreadfully puerile." The readers of the sketches descriptive of the assaults on the 2nd of July on Cemetery Ridge will recall the brilliant movement of Wright's Brigade when it charged on that date and captured artillery enough to arm an army corps, drove the Federal line over the crest of the ridge, and, with proper support, would have secured the key that would have wrested victory from the enemy. The failure to get that needed support resulted in one of the greatest lost opportunities for the Confederate cause that occurred during that sanguinary period.

In this action Wright's Brigade lost eighty men killed and wounded; included in the wounded was Col. E. J. Walker, commanding the brigade. Rodes's loss was fifteen killed, wounded, and missing.

Though repeated and strong efforts were made to get possession of Manassas Gap, through which the rear of the Confederate army might be cut off, General Meade admits "the possession of the gap was so successfully disputed as to enable the Confederate guard to withdraw by way of Strasburg and New Market, the Confederate army retiring to the Rapidan."

Meade's dispatch of the 23rd informed Halleck that he

had five of the seven corps constituting the Army of the Potomac at Manassas Gap on the 23rd of July. While the action in Manassas Gap was in progress, Johnson's division remained at Front Royal to guard the ford, and it was in succoring distance had Rodes's force needed it.

During the night of the 23rd, the pontoons, baggage, etc. having been safely disposed of, Rodes's Division, accompanied by Wright's Brigade, fell back on the Luray road about two miles from Front Royal and bivouacked. Rodes, in his report, said: "This day's work, including a march of twenty-seven miles on one of the hottest summer days, the excitement of a threatened battle, and the night march of four or five miles, damaged the division seriously." The men straggled considerably. Rodes's and Johnson's Divisions and Wright's Brigade rested a day or two near Luray, and, continuing their march, arrived at Madison Courthouse by the way of Sperryville and Thornton's Gap on July 29.

The rear guard of Johnson's Division left Front Royal after ten o'clock on the 24th, the enemy making only a slight advance, which was driven back by a few rounds of artillery. Early's Division proceeded up the Valley by way of Strasburg and New Market, crossing Massanutten Mountain opposite the latter place; thence across the Blue Ridge to the vicinity of Madison Courthouse. By the 4th of August the entire Confederate army was in position behind the Rapidan River. The artillery of Ewell's Corps was encamped near Barnett's Ford on that river. Thus ended one of the bloodiest and most destructive campaigns to military equipment that took place during that sanguinary period, and also one of the most strenuous. During the entire period of two months there was no let up in its activity.

In concluding his report, Rodes paid the following high compliment to the troops of his division: "I beg leave to call attention to the heroes of this campaign, the men who, day by day, sacrificed self on the altar of freedom, those barefooted North Carolinians, Georgians, and Alabamians, who, with bloody and swollen feet, kept to their ranks day after day for weeks. When the Division reached Darkesville, nearly one-half the men and many officers were barefooted, and fully one-fourth had been so since we crossed the Blue Ridge. These poor fellows had kept up with their column in the ranks during the most rapid march of this war, considering its length, over that worst of roads for footmen, the turnpike, and during the hottest days of summer. These are heroes of the campaign."

Rodes's Division consisted of the North Carolina brigades of Gens. Junius Daniel, Alfred Iverson, and Stephen D. Ramseur; the Georgia brigade, of George Doles; and the Alabama brigade, commanded by former Brigadier General Rodes, in this campaign was commanded by Col. Edward A. O'Neal. General Iverson was transferred to the Tennessee army before the conclusion of the campaign, and Colonel O'Neal and his 26th Alabama Regiment were exchanged for the 61st Alabama Regiment before the 1864 campaign began.

In this connection it is not amiss to state that Rodes, who had been commissioned major general immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville during the previous May, Ramseur who was subsequently promoted to major general, Daniel and Doles, all lost their lives during the bloody campaign of 1864. Rodes, though a native of Virginia, was an Alabamian by adoption, Ramseur and Daniel were North Carolinians, and Doles a Georgian. True patriotic devotion to duty demanded and received the supreme sacrifice of this magnificent quartet of soldiers. They were the fit companions of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, April 2, 1865; Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, May 11, 1864; Brig. Gen. John M. Jones, May 2,

1864; Leroy A. Stafford, May 11, 1864; Abner Perrin, May 12, 1864; William E. Jones, June 5, 1864; John R. Chambliss, August 16, 1864; James B. Gordon, May 11, 1864; J. C. Sanders, August 21, 1864; Micah Jenkins, May 6, 1864; Archibald Gracie, December 2, 1864; John Gregg, October 7, 1864; Stephen Elliott, 1864; A. C. Godwin, September 19, 1864; Victor J. Girardey, August 16, 1864—who, like themselves, were members of that superb body of soldiers, the Army of Northern Virginia, and laid their bodies a sacrifice on the altar of their country, on the date given in each case; also the long list of patriots of the Army of Northern Virginia, led by T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, May 10, 1863, who preceded them; and the long list of equally conspicuous and gallant patriots, led by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, April 6, 1862, and Lieut. Gen. (and Bishop) Leonidas Polk, June 14, 1864, who made the supreme sacrifice and were members of other Confederate armies; together with the innumerable host of subordinate officers and men without rank whose patriotism and sacrifices were equally great, and whose rewards were infinitely less. No honor that can be accorded any of these patriots can possibly be too great. Many of the latter fill "unknown" graves among strangers.

The point designated as Barnett's Ford, near this encampment, was indicated by a slanting or inclined roadway into the water of the Rapidan River, and a similar roadway, reversed, leading to the highest point on the opposite bluff. From Comrade O. H. Bridwell, of the Orange Artillery, commanded by Capt. Charles W. Fry, comes information that the place is not now called Barnett's Ford, but Madison Mills, and it has a modern iron bridge reaching across the river, a store, a church, wheelwright, blacksmith shop, several dwelling houses, and a good road.

Memory reverts to a peculiar and unusual condition that developed during the encampment of the battery here. Soon after the guard ropes were stretched and the horses were haltered to them, they began to stamp, paw, and switch their tails, clearly indicating a distressed condition. Investigation showed that swarms of small flies were attacking and stinging the distressed brutes. The activities of the horses became so great there was great danger that they would become entangled in their halters and the guard ropes and hurt themselves. To relieve the situation, the horses were permitted to run loose in a near-by field during daylight. In the field they found a spot of ground where there was considerable loose earth, and there they assembled every day and pawed the ground to create a cloud of dust, which formed a shield protecting them from their tormentors. They were not troubled at night. For several days the poor beasts suffered from the stings of these torturing insects, which finally departed as suddenly as they had appeared.

To add to their burdens the horses, many of them became afflicted with a hoof disease, which had the appearance of being contagious, as it was not confined to the horses of a single group, but prevailed in every group of horses. It was called "Grease Heel," as it began on the heel, and, in severe cases the hoof came off.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—Never did scientist touch nature in more devout spirit. In all, he saw and acknowledged the handiwork of the great Creator. In the proportion and properties of land and sea and air—in their adaptation, one to the other to make this earth a habitation for man, he saw the marvelous design of Him who "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."—*Rev. Jacob S. Dill.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW MARKET.

BY JOHN CLARKE HOWARD, CADET.

On the dark, rainy night of May 14, 1864, in the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute many of its members were engaged in the somewhat trying endeavor to bring into condition of edibility the rations issued by the authorities. We were all hungry after the recent wearisome marches from Lexington, but hardly to the measure of eating pig sides raw. The writer has all his life rebelled against doing any kind of cooking when it could be avoided, and in this instance would have disregarded such apparent necessity had it been at all practicable. After the cooking, such as it was, the viands were swallowed with little ceremony, and we hustled off to what we hoped would be a sound sleep until morning. In this reckoning the host was left out. Many of us betook ourselves for protection from the inclement weather to a near-by church building and stretched ourselves in our wet blankets on the bare floor, to be enveloped almost instantly in profound slumber. It seemed to me I had hardly become unconscious, and indeed it was not later than about midnight, when the officer of the guard entered and awoke us to answer to a roll call. The roll call over, and the four companies in place rest, some one, the Commandant, Colonel Shipp, I presume, requested that a prayer be offered for the safety of the corps. This was done, the petition being proffered by Capt. Frank Preston, of Company C, the only one of the four subprofessors in command of the companies who was, I think, a member of the Church. Several cadets near me remarked, half seriously, half jestingly: "If they are going to pray over us, maybe they think we are going to get into a fight after all." This had reference to the various marches we had made in different directions when the effort seemed to us to be to prevent any conflict with the foe, thus counteracting the gratification of our desire for a taste of warfare. This desire twenty-four hours later than the hour of which I am writing had been subjected to many material modifications.

Leaving the encampment, we were marched northward to the Valley road near at hand, attaining which, we filed to the right and proceeded eastward. I never saw a darker night, if it be correct to speak of seeing when there was nothing that could be seen. There was a file in front of me, another in rear, and on right and left I touched elbows with two others, but they were as invisible as if miles away. On we tramped through the mud and mire of the highway, which our feet could feel though we could not see it, until at length the efforts of daydawn proved successful in making themselves apparent.

A few miles west of New Market we were halted and remained stationary until nearly or quite midday, subjected part of the time to torrents of drenching rains. We were then brought to attention, and, leaving the road, were marched at double-quick along something of a depression between hills. Here the first gun of the fight, so far as we were concerned, burst above us, and the Commandant, who was only a few feet to my left, dodged in a very creditable way. I take it for granted that there was no fear on his part, but that he was actuated with sympathy for a very large number of dodgers in the corps. This was the only shell that burst at that point, as we were soon under the protection of the hills between us and the foe. We paused once for a little while, and a young man from Wytheville, Frank Spiller, who had been wounded, passed us on his way to the rear. The wound was a contusion, and I afterwards learned that he never got over the effects of it. He had a younger brother among the cadets, who spoke to him as he passed.

We were ascending the slope of a long hill with the ridge in view, and our next stopping place was after crossing a fence several hundred yards below this ridge and out of the range of all hostile fire. At this point the Confederate lines began their advance. I say lines, because there were two lines of battle at that time; later there was but one. When the cadet battalion reached this position by the fence, it was put in to fill a space, and became then part of the second line of battle, halting with the other troops while they watched the advance of the first line of battle over the ridge in front. Just at this point, General Breckinridge, in command of the Southern troops, rode up with his staff and halted near. He was greeted with something of a cheer, and said to the battalion of cadets: "Young gentlemen, I hope there will be no occasion to use you, but if there is, I trust you will do your duty." The instant thought in my mind was: "What do you mean by that? Here we are, a part of the second line, and if it advances, we will have to advance with it." My thoughts, however, had nothing to do with the situation, and I was engaged, like the rest, in watching the advance of the first line of battle, some hundreds of yards away, that was moving over the high crest of the hill. We had heard in some way that the range from point to point of artillery had been obtained by the Federals all along where they thought the battle was likely to be fought. This was probably true. At any rate it was true as to that particular hill, and we saw the bursting of a number of shells as the first line passed over. I think there was but little damage done by this fire.

Next came the order for the second line of battle to advance, and we marched with it. Having seen the experience of the first line, I knew it was practically certain it would be repeated in the case of the second. As we were nearing the summit of the ridge, I wondered—for boys, and men, too, sometimes, will have very absurd thoughts—I wondered if, from my position on the almost extreme right, I looked down the battalion I was any more likely to get hit than if I looked in front. Anyhow, I looked; and, while looking, the first shell exploded just in front. Subprofessor A. G. Hill, in command of Company C, was about the center of the battalion. I think I must have been looking at him at the instant; at any rate, I saw him fall, and also saw that two other men had been knocked down. I did not know at the time who those two were, but heard afterwards that they were Wise and Crank. Captain Hill fell like a log, apparently just as stiffly as a log would have fallen. I thought he was killed, but I have since heard that no man killed outright ever falls that way—that they crumple and come down, all stiffness of the joints being lost.

We now marched on down the hill in front, which was a right steep one. There was a road at the bottom, and just beyond the road a fence. Crossing this fence we were halted and ordered to take off blankets and everything else, except gun and equipment. This looked like business, stripping for the fight, and we began to think our work was really cut out for us. "Attention, Battalion! Forward!" This was the beginning of that long-ascending field, the main theater of the fight. The ascent at first was steeper than it afterwards became, but in a very little while we were within range of the Federal infantry as well as artillery as they directed their fire against the line. I heard the hiss of the bullets and saw where they had struck the ground in different directions, right, left, and in front, but I was a green hand, and didn't know that this meant we were among the Minie balls. A few minutes after being under fire we were halted, and the corps commenced marking time; but as we lay down almost instantly for a few seconds, a cadet near me remarked:

"What damn fool gave the order to mark time under this fire." We were up again almost instantly, and then forward. We could clearly hear the firing of the Southern artillery over our heads, and hoped it would silence some of the hostile guns in front—which, in a measure, it did. A detail of cadets was in charge of a section (two guns) under command of the senior captain of the corps, C. H. Minge. Minge was a very fine officer in every way, and in knowledge of artillery drill and tactics probably had no superior, if an equal, at the Institute. The firing of the section under his direction was very effective, and it was more than twice as rapid in its discharges as any of the associate veteran Confederate guns.

My position was within two or three files of the first Sergeant, E. M. Ross, and all through the fight I was within a few feet of him and the Captain, Henry Wise. I shall never forget Ross's face. This was not his first battle. For a time he had been with the regular Confederate army, the "Regulars," as at that time they were called. His face expressed anxiety; I can see it as plainly in memory to-day as I did then. He had ignored himself entirely. I didn't think a thought of what might happen to him crossed his mind, but he was thinking of the battalion, not merely his own company, but the entire battalion, believing and hoping, but with that touch of anxiety, that his brother cadets would do their duty. He must have been reassured by our bearing; however scared within, we contrived not to show it without. We felt that we were indeed "in the fight" and with a good many preconceived ideas much shaken up. This was really the beginning to us of that hot advance over that muddy field. I lost both of my shoe strings, and wonder that I did not lose my shoes. However, I was too busy then to investigate the cause. Hissing Minies and the hoarse shriek of the shells demanded too painfully much attention, and I was engaged in recalling some of my many derelictions of duty and forming good resolutions for the future. Matters were already serious, and were becoming more so every minute, as we neared the hostile antagonism in front. Men were falling, but, "each stepping where his comrade stood," the integrity of the corps was kept. I was nearly at the extreme right and could see the entire length of the battalion, and again and again I wondered how it was able to keep its formation so well. I know now, though I did not then, how much drill and the habit of obedience had to do with that parade ground line. Once, owing to some mistake, we were advancing in column, but the mistake was quickly rectified, and we swept left into line with the swing of a gate on its hinges.

We human beings were not the only creatures who found in that leaden storm an underplus of satisfaction. I saw a number of sparrows—the ordinary American sparrow—flying about a little above the battalion, and they were nearly frantic with fright. Virtually all country-raised people are familiar with the normal flight of this gentle, half-domesticated bird, but these did not fly normally. They darted hither and thither without seeming to know what they were doing, and reminded me at the time of the flight of the leather-winged bat.

From my glance of observation at these frantic inarticulates, I turned to become the witness of a scene of very different character, an episode which is as vivid in memory to-day as it is when displayed before my eyes in that vortex of destruction, which I shall remember as long as I remember anything, and which, I believe, I shall carry even beyond the grave. Fifty yards or so to our right was a Confederate officer who had been wounded and was lying nearly prostrate on the ground. Not quite, however; he was resting on his left elbow, and, forgetful of self, apparently oblivious of his

wounds, his handsome young face shone brightly and his sword waved from side to side in sympathetic encouragement of his comrades. Another shell exploded and he was cut down for the second time. Prostrate now, and with the "Last Roll Call" sounding in his ears, the heroic soul still waved back and forth under the self-renunciatory impulse of the life leaving the earth and to its acclaim in heaven. If it may be so vouchsafed, I pray that I may meet this knight of the bloody plain here on the bloodless plain hereafter, amid the vales of verdure and glades of ever-flowering green, and let him gather from my face how he has been borne for more than half a century in the breast of one, at least, in cherishing, revering admiration.

What effect that waving sword may have had as a cheering incentive on anyone else—for many beside myself must have witnessed the incident—I do not know, but I know there was no giving back as we pressed forward through the storm. We were in the culminating struggle for victory or defeat. Men were falling in no infrequency. In this vicinity it was that Cabell, Jones, Crockett, McDowell were killed; Macon, Randolph, Jefferson, White, severely wounded. Of the less severely wounded in the battalion, a number, declining to leave, retained their places in the ranks. Our gallant foes were straining every nerve to stop the Southern advance. The Cadet Battalion was inspired by the training of the Virginia Military Institute in the first duty of a soldier—obedience. They were habituated to obey as commanded, and it was especially its duty to carry the backing of the parade ground into the fierce interlocking of decisive warfare. This closing resistance of the foe was terrible at the time, and terrible to recall. We were halted in an inclosure surrounding a dwelling, and ordered to lie down just in front of the house. It would have been more satisfactory to my inner feelings had we been behind the house. I look back upon that orchard as the most awful spot on the battle field, and, as the shot and shell tore over and around us, I was reminded by their malignant shriek of the driving snowstorm, whose flakes I could see, and marveled not at the number hit, but that all were not killed. Lying next to me was Edward B. Smith, who was struck by a spent ball, though we did not know at the time it was spent. I heard it strike—the hip, I believe—and the sound was as if some one had struck an empty cask with a hammer. I was glad that no contemporary leaden messenger treated me in similar fashion. Ross—next on my other side—spoke to Smith, asking if he were wounded. But there was no time for more than the affirmative reply when an order came to move. A crisis had been reached: the fire was too hot for irresponsive action, and retreat or advance was the alternative. We considered a retreat no part of the game, and "forward" was the order. We were halted for some reason before climbing the fence of the inclosure. I saw a cedar tree a yard high or thereabout, with a trunk as big as my thumb. Not a very effective defensive, but, no matter, anything from a white oak to a wheat straw was better than nothing, and I threw myself down behind it. One of the company, Ashleigh, apparently concluded that if a tree of that dimension could protect one person it might perhaps be stretched to protect two, and threw himself down full length on my body. A bullet tried to find us, but fortunately failed, cutting the trousers of both without touching the leg of either. Ashleigh escaped also the rest of the day. In the darkening light I gave him a drink from my canteen, and told him of Randolph's wound. I remember the emotion his countenance expressed. Randolph, whose wound we then thought fatal, was very generally popular in the Corps, and he and Ashleigh had been intimates.

And now once more forward. The first thing to do was climb the fence, which impressed itself on me so indelibly as never to have been forgotten. It was an ordinary rail fence, probably about four feet high, but as I surmounted the topmost rail I felt at least ten feet up in the air and the special object of hostile aim. But in clearing this obstruction I was leaving all thought of individuality behind. What I saw and heard, the surrounding conditions in which I was to be a participant, left no room for attention to insignificant personality. Captain Wise was leading and giving necessary orders, his face bright and fearless as though enjoying himself. I believe he was, and that he might not inaptly have quoted the famous words in his first battle of Charles XII of Sweden. Ross, on the right, was himself again. He had witnessed the bearing of the battalion from the first and its bearing now, and every trace of anxiety had left his face, driven out by exultant pride. Wynder Garrett caught my eye, his calm, resolute expression giving little intimation of the exceptional valor it concealed. The shot-torn standard of the Corps floated triumphantly, upheld in Evans's gallant grasp and backed and protected by its not less dauntless guard, while the cadet ranks pressed forward in close, cheering charge. The late terrific fire of the Federal troops had been a farewell salute apparently, preliminary to retreat. We could have dispensed with its warmth, but endeavored to meet and to counter. Onward!—to and beyond the captured battery, along the slope, through the cedars, through the briars, across the ravine, breasting the rise, attaining the summit, scanning with eager gaze the plain before, ready for what might come next. But our Federal friends were beyond rifle range, our artillery was rushing past at speed to the front to end the fight, and the Southern infantry was ordered to a halt.

As I gazed along our lines for the last time that bloody day, what were my thoughts and emotions? I do not know, but I knew the battle was past and over, and the record of the Cadet Battalion made—that to the call to the test of fire the Virginia Military Institute had answered "Here."

IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURG.

BY M. W. VENABLE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The November VETERAN gave interesting descriptions of the discovery and present condition of some of the old mines along the line of the old fortifications at Petersburg. As I had "a finger in that pie" sixty-one years ago, I may be able to tell something of interest about them.

I was a member of Company H, 1st Regiment of Engineers, C. S. A., commanded by Col. T. M. R. Talcott, late of Richmond, Va. Capt. John Bradford, of Tallahassee, Fla., was my captain. We had started in the campaign with the Army of Northern Virginia at the Wilderness on May 5, serving in detachments first in one place then another, building bridges and roads, putting in pontoon bridges, and building roads to and from them. We were armed as infantry, but also had a full equipment of tools of all kinds for offensive and defensive warfare, and, being armed, were used occasionally to "hold a leg while some one else skinned." So, when the campaign of swinging around the circle, known as "Grant's parallel movement," wound up at Petersburg about the middle of June, 1864, two or three companies (F, G, and K, as I recollect) were with the army at that point. The enemy had evidently decided to stop for a while, as direct assault made little impression on our lines, and settled down to a regular siege, with all the "trimmings;" so, of course, mining and countermining played its part.

When the armies first met around the city there was heavy fighting behind temporary works, and, in order to get into position to best withstand and maintain a siege, it was necessary at points to try to get on better ground and straighten lines as much as possible. At some points we held that "better ground"; at others the enemy had it, so there was bloody fighting back and forth until about June 17, when each side began to fortify in earnest the line it held, and it so happened that from what the enemy called Fort Steadman (not far from Appomattox River) to Fort Sedgwick, which was opposite the Reeves place and lay across the Jerusalem plank road, the lines were uncomfortably close together, so close that along Colquitt's and Gracie's salients on our left, and to the right and left of these points for some distance, the men in the rifle pits could talk across and banter each other, and a moment's exposure was almost sure death; in fact, the situation was ripe for mining, which had to be offset by countermining. Both sides went at it "hammer and tongs." Gen. B. F. Butler, commanding the Army of the James, was in immediate command on the part of the Federals. He had fared rather badly at the hands of Pickett, Hoke, and others, who had come up from North Carolina just in time to stop him when he attempted to come up the Peninsula between the James and Appomattox Rivers from Bermuda Hundred, in an attempt to cut the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad near Chester Station. Our men, after sharp fighting, crowded him back and built a line of works from Fort Dansler (on the James River) to the Appomattox, and, as General Grant expressed it, "bottled Butler up." His command being thus put into a state of "innocuous desuetude" at that point, he took most of his troops down to City Point and began his move on Petersburg. Being first on the ground, his troops began mining. Our men soon found out what was going on and where he went under, but it was impossible to find out either the exact direction or at what elevation above tide in Appomattox River the floor of his mine was; hence, it was very possible the opposing miners might pass each other either above or below or to the right or left, as the case might be.

When Butler had pushed his mine out and under a battery of South Carolina artillery and sprung it early on the morning of July 31, it was found he was operating on a considerably lower level than we were.

Our general plan in these mining operations was to begin in some small ravine, or dig a shallow shaft to the proper depth, as close behind our works as practicable, drifting in under our works, and, after reaching the requisite distance in front of our line, we would turn right and left, roughly paralleling our works; and from those parallels we would branch off "herring-bone fashion," or square, as the case might be, in the direction of the enemy, and at the end of these short drifts make small rooms, six or eight feet square, so arranged that they could be charged with powder quickly in case of an approach of the enemy under the surface. The main adits, or passageways, were generally cut four by six and framed up every four or five feet by four by four square timber frames, an inch plank slipped in on top and sometimes on the sides, with a plank on top of the floor timbers for a wheelbarrow runway. We used small wheelbarrows without legs (made by "details" in the rear) for handling the material excavated. The material differed somewhat in the different mines, and sometimes in the same mine; for instance, sometimes we found a very compact, pure clay of a grayish brown color so tenacious that the picks had to be made with short blades, with widened chisel-like edges and short handles, and we had to chip the material out by inches.

This drab colored clay was so compact that it could be cut into pipes and other small articles. It took a good polish, but when mixed and worked as clay, and burned, it changed to a dark red (the old Powhatan pipe color); in fact, it was known as pipe clay. More friable red clays were sometimes found, then again quite pure sand under a clay roof. In these cases, planking on the sides was necessary. We used tallow candles for lights, well adulterated with beeswax to keep the men from eating them; a good tallow candle would have been the foundation for a pretty good meal in those days. We worked in four shifts or reliefs of six hours each, and generally had a little bombproof room near the mouth where the men could keep their coats and hats and the relief squads could halt when coming on duty. The material excavated was wheeled down the ravine, so as to keep it out of sight of the enemy as much as possible.

Sometimes the enemy would try to approach our rifle pits by means of "sap rollers," which were large wicker cylinders ten feet long by seven or eight feet in diameter, made of straight hickory and oak poles, with hoop poles woven in like heavy wicker work and filled inside with poles big and little wedged in tight. These, being practically bullet proof, were rolled along on the ground and the men would dig a zig-zag ditch behind them, approaching our works along the ditch and behind the earth thrown up on each side. Of course, our defense was to run a drift out under them as quickly as possible and blow them up. Soon, however, these tactics were dropped and each side went to work to countermine his front thoroughly.

A part of our regiment was on the ground from the start, as stated above. Company G, under Capt. William R. Johnson, was close to the "Crater" (so called after Butler's mine was exploded). The mining relief which had just gone off duty was captured. The mining squad consisted generally of a sergeant, or corporal, and from four to six men, according to the character of material and the distance to be wheeled. Each shift had to drive a panel, or cut off, of four or five feet, set up and line his timbers and make all secure for the next "shift."

Company H, to which I belonged, had been at work for quite a while extending and strengthening some works for heavy guns at the Howlett House, known as Battery Dansler. We had mounted some very large (for those times) rifle guns, 8-inch bore, invented by Professor Brooke, of the Virginia Military Institute, having a very heavy reinforcing band around the breech, and a long, rather slender barrel, which gave them an odd appearance beside the shorter Columbiads and Dahlgrens of larger bore, but of more regular lines. We had finished this job, and by 9 A.M. had cut down the timber which masked these guns from view of the two or three monitors and a number of transports lying in the river below us. As soon as the sun had cleared the river mist, each side, in full view and within good range (not over a mile), went at it. The wooden craft soon got around the bend of the river, but the monitors, with their revolving turrets, had little change to make before they began shelling us, while we, with more, but less effective guns, returned the compliment. Artillery men handled our guns, so our engineer troops were mere onlookers until we were deployed to the left and rear of our works in order to check any attempt at a landing and assault from that quarter, and then we "dug in" and lay until almost dark before we were relieved by infantry; and during the night we returned to headquarters at Chaffin's Bluff. Just before the mine at Petersburg was sprung, General Grant made a demonstration in considerable force to his right in the direction of Deep Bottom, and we were sent

post haste down there; but after a few days we were withdrawn and had just gotten back when, early on the morning after our return to Fort Chaffin, the mine at Petersburg was sprung and the fighting began. We could hear the guns quite plainly—the city of Petersburg was almost exactly south of us and fourteen miles distant in a straight line, but a straight line would cross James River three times and lie almost in Appomattox River for quite a distance. The route by which we *could* march was fully sixteen or seventeen miles long. In less than an hour we had orders to get there at once, and in a very short time we were on the move. The day was bright and hot, and after we got into the Richmond and Petersburg Pike near Chester it was very dusty, with little or no water.

Although a private, I had been detailed as sergeant for quite a while and happened to be sergeant of the guard that morning. As rear guard, we had to prevent straggling if possible, so when straggling began under a forced march, with no water and plenty of dust, the duty of trotting the stragglers up to their places kept *us* on the trot and about put the rear guard out of business. The officer of the day and all except three or four of us were played out, and we were literally "on our last legs" when we reached Swift Creek, a clear, rapid stream. A short rest, with plenty of water, soon "set us up," and a more leisurely march of about three miles brought us to the city a pretty badly used up bunch, but ready for business next day.

We went into camp that night on the Boydton Plank Road (now probably Washington Street), at the old Whitworth place. The old Captain, a fine old gentleman, was living there at the time. Next morning the companies were assigned to their places, some to mining, some preparing all kinds of material and devices for defense. Since a company of one hundred men would make about three mining units, each with sufficient force to man and operate a mine, the men were apportioned somewhat on this basis so that the men engaged in the more arduous work of mining could be relieved ever so often, while the two squads not in the mines could be employed in the less strenuous work of keeping supplies up to the mines. Under this arrangement, or organization, the work went on for several months. In order to be closer to work, headquarters were moved to a grove just above Ettrick's factory on the north side of the Appomattox. We put in a pontoon bridge across the river above Ettrick's near the mouth of Powder House branch (or Indian Creek), and built roads up the bluffs on each side. Another bridge just below Ettrick's was already in operation.

During the remaining seven months of the siege attacks in force on our front were rare. The enemy, however, continued moving to his left, cutting the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at Reams's Station and stretching on to Hatcher's Run and the Boydton Plank Road. By that time our line, for lack of men, had stretched to the breaking point.

Along our original front of Petersburg the pressure was still maintained, and, except in dead winter, the musket firing was almost continuous, not in big volleys, but a continuous "patter," with artillery shots occasionally during afternoons and early evenings. The enemy had some rifle pieces at or near Fort Steadman that seemed to make a business of shelling the city along Bolingbrook Street. They did little harm, however, hardly keeping the ladies out of the shopping district. The post office and custom house was quite a solid granite building and practically shell proof, and it was amusing to see how many people had *important business* at the post office when the shelling began.

But to the story. Our company was divided. I was detailed with others to Company G, which was already on the ground,

and the rest were put to work countermining at Gracie's Salient, about opposite Federal Fort Haskell. These men went into camp on a little bluff to the right of Jerusalem Pike, a few hundred yards east of where that road crosses a small creek (the boundary line between Dinwiddie and Prince George Counties). Of course, they had to dig in pretty soon, as the enemy had a mortar mounted on a flat car, which would be pushed up within range in the evenings and serenade the town. Most of these shells, however, fell in the swampy meadow below the road and did no harm; in fact, the burning fuses, as the shells turned over in their flight, made interesting fireworks after we got used to them. On one occasion during the siege a small rifle shell passed entirely through the walls of the Old Tabb Street Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning while services were on, with a large congregation. Neither the shell nor the flying brickbats hurt anyone, and Dr. William Hoge (pastor at that time) did not dismiss the congregation. To get from our camp at Old Blandford to the works without being shot was the problem, for loose bullets seemed to be in the air almost anywhere, and they were dangerous. Just a short distance east of Blandford we dug a ditch (a "zig-zag" as it was called on account of its shape), and by judicious disposal of the earth, first on one side then on the other and around the corners, made it so men could go through and carry supplies, change "reliefs," etc., with comparative safety.

However, one night about 2 A.M. one of our company named Burton (a Frenchman from Savannah, Ga.), was bringing in timber for the mine and, in turning a corner of the covered way, a stray ball caught him between the eyes and killed him. Poor fellow! Three thousand miles from his people in France he had given his all for a cause which, at that time, was well-nigh desperate.

From August, 1864, to April, 1865, an almost interminable length of galleries had been dug in all directions along our front. The "Photographic History" referred to in the November VETERAN shows, among several other protective devices, long lines of what are known as chevaux-de-frise, each joint or section of which consisting of a round stick of timber ten or twelve inches in diameter, with rows of large auger holes bored every eighteen inches (the planes of which were at right angles) and stakes about eight feet long driven through these holes and sharpened. These, when fastened together securely, made quite formidable protection against sudden attack. They were fastened together by heavy clevises or short chains. The ticklish thing about these things, however, was putting them together in front of our line in "No-Man's-Land." This had to be done on dark nights, without noise, as both sides were on "double-trigger" all the time, and the least noise at night (other than the desultory firing) would raise "a hell of shot and shell" from both sides. Hence, for good reasons, the proverbial silence which prevailed at the raising of Solomon's Temple was a "howling wilderness" compared with that maintained by us.

Late in the fall, General Grant, by a sudden demonstration to the north and right of his line, captured Fort Harrison and straightened his line, thereby cutting off an ugly salient in our line for a mile or two north of Chaffin's Bluff. The enemy occupying Fort Harrison and to the right of it were close enough to our reestablished line to render mining practicable, and just about Christmas, Companies H and G, of the 2nd Regiment (which had come to us from the Trans-Mississippi forces), were sent to the north side of the James and began countermining opposite Fort Harrison. We were hard at it until the 2nd of April, 1865, when we started on our last march to Appomattox Courthouse.

I know of only one other of our old command who might tell about mining operations at Petersburg. He is Capt. Berkley Minor, of Charlottesville, Va. Captain Minor was a lieutenant in Company I when the regiment was organized, and was promoted to captain of Company G, of the 2nd Regiment. In corresponding with Captain Minor about his recollections on the retreat to Appomattox, I was amused when he said that the skirmishing and fighting at Sailor's Creek, High Bridge, Farmville, and Appomattox were all quite hazy in his mind at present, but he *did* remember well a fine flock of wild turkeys we ran into at Sailor's Creek. No wonder they impressed him most, as it probably did the rest of us. We were on very short rations, with appetites like sawmills, feeling as though we could eat and enjoy mules' ears fried in tar. For a nice flock of twenty or more fine turkeys to fly up under our noses, and not be permitted to take a crack at them, was enough to make a lifetime impression on anything but a graven image. But we had to save ammunition possibly for "bigger game," and be as quiet about it as possible, especially as the "bigger game" might be stalking us.

STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

The following true story of the War between the States was told to the writer by Mr. Robert F. Adams, resident of Chambers County, Ala., and a member of Company I, 47th Alabama Regiment.

During the early spring of 1862, Mr. Adams, then with his regiment in Virginia, was stricken with pneumonia. He was removed to an improvised hospital in an old deserted mill.

The building was very dilapidated, some of the shutters hanging loose and swaying in the wind.

The night was bitterly cold. The sufferer very graphically related his experience of the first night's stay there. He had never been ill before in his life. A high temperature, with the accompanying chills of the disease, was a new and unpleasant experience in his hitherto healthy young life.

Added to the horrors of the situation was the shrieking and moaning of the wind, the monotonous drip of the water from the discarded mill wheel; but even more distressing were the groans of sick and wounded men.

The long night passed at last, and the gray dawn of a cold and dismal day came struggling through the windows.

After a hot drink and a visit from the doctor, the young man felt better. Toward noon, a tall, impressive-looking man entered the building, and, after a glance around, approached the cot where Mr. Adams was lying. As he came near, a glad light shone in his eyes and, with both hands outstretched, he exclaimed: "O, my son! I am so glad to see you looking better this morning."

One of the physicians standing near came forward, saying in a tone of sympathy: "Mr. Adams, can you not see that you are mistaken. It pains me very much to tell you that your son died shortly after your visit yesterday. We have been trying to locate you. This young man was brought in last night."

Young Mr. Adams says the man broke into the most bitter sobs that he ever heard from a human's lips. He was like one grown mad with mingled emotions of rage, sorrow, and despair.

He cursed the war and all its attendant evils. It seemed that he had absented himself from the boy's bedside in an effort to get news to his wife or transportation for her to come to their son.

When his grief had in a measure subsided, he seated himself by the sick youth and engaged him in conversation. His name was indeed Adams and his home was in South Carolina.

The dead youth was named Robert, the same as the living one. They were both near the same age and strikingly alike in form and features.

The families knew nothing of each other. If they were related by the ties of consanguinity, the relationship could not be established. And yet they must have originally been of the same family.

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, C. S. A.

[Inquiries for data on the life and military career of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston—a subject on which Chapters U. D. C. are offering prizes—induce the publication of this brief sketch, which is simply an outline of his brilliant career. These notes are taken from sketches in the "Confederate Military History" and the "American Encyclopedia," the latter furnished by Dr. J. William Jones. For fuller information reference should be made to the "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston," by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston.]

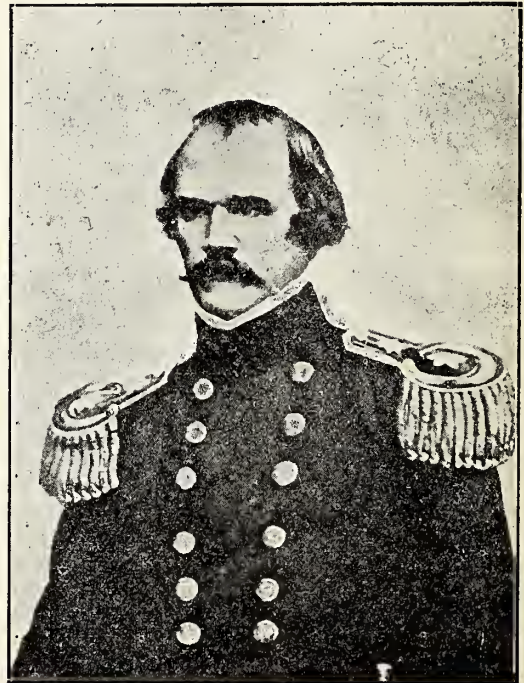
Albert Sidney Johnston, born at Washington, Mason County, Ky., on February 3, 1803, was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. On his mother's side was the pioneer ancestry of the State, while his father, Dr. John Johnston, the village physician, was from Connecticut. Young Johnston was "a handsome, proud, manly, earnest, and self-reliant boy, grave and thoughtful." After studying at Transylvania University, he was appointed to the National Military Academy at West Point, where he was graduated on June 30, 1826, standing eighth in a brilliant class, of which Jefferson Davis was a member. He was brevetted second lieutenant in the Second Infantry, was transferred to the Sixth Infantry in 1827, and served as regimental adjutant from 1828 to 1832; was an aid to General Atkinson for a year, and then acting assistant adjutant general to Illinois volunteers during the Black Hawk war—in all of which positions he showed the qualities of an accomplished soldier. He resigned his commission in the United States Army in May, 1834, having determined to settle in Texas and cast in his fortunes with the Lone Star Republic.

Soon after the battle of San Jacinto, fought April 21, 1836, Johnston arrived in Texas and enlisted as a private soldier in the Texas army. His merit soon brought him promotion, and he was made adjutant general of the army of Texas, and not long after was made brigadier general and chief commander of the army in the place of Gen. Sam Houston. As a result of jealousy growing out of this promotion, there was an unfortunate duel between Houston and Johnston, in which the latter was wounded. He continued in command of the Texas army until 1838, when he was made Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas. In 1839, he led an expedition against the hostile Cherokee Indians, whom he routed and expelled from the country, after great slaughter in a battle on the Neches. He used all his abilities and wide influence in bringing about the annexation of Texas to the United States, and promptly enlisted when the Mexican War broke out, being colonel of a regiment of Texas volunteers. He was distinguished in various battles, especially at Monterey, where he had three horses shot from under him, and he was highly complimented by General Butler, on whose staff he was serving.

After this campaign, he retired to a plantation in Brazoria County, Tex., and remained in seclusion until appointed by President Taylor as paymaster in the United States army,

October 31, 1849; and when the Second Cavalry Regiment was formed, he was appointed, March 3, 1855, by President Pierce, upon the recommendation of his old classmate and life-long friend, Jefferson Davis, who was at that time the able and efficient Secretary of War under Pierce. In 1857 he was put in command of an expedition to Utah, to force the Mormons to submit to the laws of the United States government, and in this expedition he overcame great difficulties and showed such ability and tact in the delicate mission that he was made brevet brigadier general. He remained in command in Utah until the summer of 1860, and in December of that year was assigned to the command of the Department of California.

When war between the States came on, General Johnston resigned his command of the Department of the Pacific, though he continued to carry out the orders of the United States Government until relieved by General Sumner. From Washington he was sent a major general's commission and confidential assurances of the highest command, but he would not consider fighting against his own people, and he retired to Los Angeles with the intention of farming. But he could not resist the call from his friends in the South, and, with a small party of Confederate sympathizers, he made his way across the plains, and on the way assisted in organizing the new territory of Arizona for the Confederacy. Passing through New Orleans, he reached Richmond, Va., on September 2, 1861, where he was received with great enthusiasm and was made a full general of the Confederate army, the first commander to receive that honor. He was assigned to command of all the Confederate territory lying west of the Al-



GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON.

leghenies, except the Gulf Coast, with powers of commensurate range, and in command of the central army of Kentucky he soon began the efficient discharge of his duties.

Though very weak in men and munitions, having in fact but one-tenth the number in opposition, he threw his force forward under Buckner to Bowling Green, Ky., and appealed to the governors and the Richmond government for assistance. But the magnitude of the struggle was not then

realized. He was never able to assemble more than 22,000 men at Bowling Green, while the Federal strength was increased to 100,000, and early in 1862 all the resources of the Northwest were turned against him. It could not be made known at the time that he had such an insufficient force to defend that long line against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and he was severely criticized in the newspapers for not being more aggressive. To meet Grant with 28,000 troops, he left 17,000 at Fort Donelson under Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, while to guard Nashville from Buell's army, he fell back to the Cumberland with an effective force of about 9,000. When Forts Henry and Donelson fell, and he was compelled to fall back and abandon to the enemy so large a section of Confederate territory, he was denounced as incompetent and his removal from command was demanded. But President Davis calmly said: "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a general, then I have none to put in his place." He wrote his old friend a noble letter, and Johnston replied in the same spirit, concluding with this sentiment: "The test of merit in my profession, with the people, is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it right. If I join this corps to the forces of General Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now exclaiming against me will be without an argument."

Johnston alluded to his plan of uniting with Beauregard to strike Grant before Buell and Mitchell could join him, and Corinth, Miss., was the base whence he could concentrate his whole force in front of the great bend of the Tennessee River and crush Grant before Buell could reinforce him, and in pursuance of this plan he marched from Corinth on April 3, intending to attack Grant at Pittsburgh Landing, or Shiloh Church, twenty miles off, on the 5th of April; but there was delay and confusion on the part of some of the troops, so the attack could not be made until the morning of the 6th, when, with his 40,000 men, Johnston attacked Grant's 50,000 with such impetuosity, skill, and dash that the Federals were driven back at every point, were huddled together at Pittsburgh Landing, and at 2:30 p.m. it seemed that only one more vigorous advance was needed to annihilate Grant's army. But just at this moment, the great commander, who had just remarked to one of his staff: "The victory is ours. We shall soon water our horses in the Tennessee River," was struck in the leg by a Minie ball, which pierced an artery, and through neglect of his wound while giving orders to the troops, he bled to death in a few minutes. In the confusion which followed the advance was not made. Beauregard (who had been ill in his ambulance all day and did not appreciate the situation) ordered the Confederate line to fall back. Buell and Mitchell came up that night with 55,000 fresh troops, and thus the fruits of Johnston's great victory were lost, and the next day the Confederates were compelled to fall back to Corinth.

No nobler eulogy could be pronounced on Albert Sidney Johnston than that of President Davis in his message to the Confederate Congress, in which he said: "Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be said that our loss is irreparable. Among the shining hosts of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country, there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul than that of the illustrious man whose death I join you in lamenting. In his death he has illustrated the character for which, through life, he was conspicuous—that of singleness of purpose and devotion to duty with his whole energies. Bent on obtaining the victory which he deemed essential to his country's cause, he rode on to the accomplishment of his object, forgetful of self, while his very life blood was ebbing away. His last

breath cheered his comrades on to victory. The last sound he heard was their shout of victory. His last thought was his country, and long and deeply did his country mourn its loss."

It is scarcely extravagant to say that had Albert Sidney Johnston lived the victory at Shiloh would have been complete, the whole character of the campaign in the West would have been changed, and with Lee in Virginia and Johnston in the West, the result of the war might have been far different.

The body of the great leader was conveyed to New Orleans and there interred with great ceremony. The splendid equestrian statue which surmounts the tomb of the Army of Tennessee Association bears the likeness of this heroic leader, but his adopted State of Texas later claimed the body of her lamented son and at the capital city, Austin, it was interred with fitting ceremonies, and a handsome monument there commemorates his leadership.

The following beautiful epitaph was written by John Dimitry, of New Orleans, a soldier in the battle of Shiloh, and is inscribed in letters of gold, on a slab of white marble, at the far end of the tomb in Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans. It has been pronounced the most beautiful epitaph ever written, and the equestrian statue of General Johnston surmounting the tomb of the "Army of Tennessee Association" is said to be the finest statue in the country:

Beyond this stone is laid, for a season,

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

A General in the Army of the Confederate States,

Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,

On the sixth day of April, A.D.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two;

A man tried in many high offices

And critical enterprises,

And found faithful in all.

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;

And even that life, on a woeful Sabbath,

Did he yield as a Holocaust at his country's need.

Not wholly understood was he while he lived;

But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting

In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure,

In his honor—impregnable;

In his simplicity—sublime.

No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion,

No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim

Than the dead soldier

Who sleeps here.

The cause for which he perished is lost—

The people for whom he fought are crushed—

The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—

The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;

But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time, which,

Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,

Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.

In honor, now, our great captain rests;

A bereaved people mourn him,

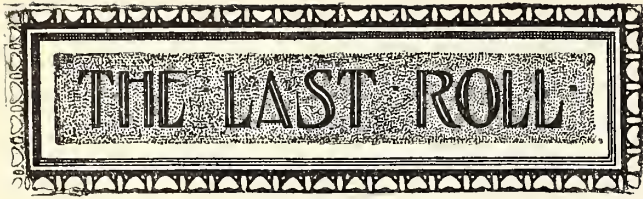
Three commonwealths proudly claim him,

And history shall cherish him

Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame,

Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their country, and their God.

Confederate Veteran.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"HE WAS AT NEW MARKET."

IN MEMORY OF JOHN C. HOWARD, 1846-1925.

I saw him as he used to walk our little street,
Lance-straight, lean, gray, with eyes like steel
That pierced all sham, saw life as only real;
No less, each time, he caused my pulse to beat
More quickly with sensation bitter sweet
That, there enshrined, a failing frame did seal
A knightly heart, vowed e'er to flaming zeal,
For highest honor habitation meet.
I sorrowed as I saw him soon to pass
Down that steep way all human feet must go,
Yet ever to my thought, as in a magic glass,
I saw him shine among that breed of youth
That on New Market's bloody sod once faced the foe,
Offering their all for God, for country, and for truth.

—W. A. Montgomery.

JOHN CLARKE HOWARD.

John Clarke Howard, son of Thomas C. and Rosabelle Burfoot Howard, was born in Richmond, Va., February 27, 1846. At the age of fifteen he entered the Virginia Military Institute and fought with the cadets in the battle of New Market, receiving a slight wound in his hand.

After the war, John Howard entered the Law Department of the University of Virginia, from which he graduated. He did not, however, practice law, but entered the engineering profession, in which he was engaged until shortly before his death, his last position being record clerk in the traffic department of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad.

Comrade Howard was married to Miss Mary Howard, of Ashland, Va., and from this marriage two children survive, Edward T. Howard, of Richmond, and Mrs. W. A. R. Goodwin, of Williamsburg, Va. Mr. Howard died at the home of his daughter in Williamsburg on December 6, 1925. The funeral took place from Bruton Parish Church, and interment was in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond. He was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church.

VIRGINIA COMRADES.

The following deaths occurred in Healy-Claybrook Camp, No. 57 U. C. V., of Middlesex County, Va., during 1925:

Eugene Miller and Milton N. Walker, of Company B, 19th Battalion.

John C. Clarke, Johnson's Battery.

R. Lud Blake, 55th Virginia Infantry.

These were all good citizens, and died in the faith. Peace to their ashes.

Our Camp was reorganized in 1913 with forty-nine on the roll; to-day we have only seven.

[B. B. Dutton, Commander.]

CAPT. JOEL H. ABBOTT.

After a short illness, Capt. Joel Houghton Abbott answered to the last roll call at his home in Charleston, W. Va., on January 1. He was a pioneer of the Kanawha Valley and widely known throughout that section.

He was born in Rockingham County, Va., November 4, 1839, but the family moved to Fayette County when he was eleven years old, and from there he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861. He was first sent to Camp Tompkins, near St. Albans, being assigned to the Fayetteville Riflemen; later he was sent to Fayetteville to drill militia, with the rank of captain. Following this service he was appointed on the staff of General Loring, and later on commanded Company H, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and was also provost marshal of southern West Virginia.

During the war Charleston was considered a strategic point for army movements, and its seizure by the enemy would have given them a commanding center for activities covering a wide territory. There was but one point where invading forces could be stopped, and that was the wooden covered bridge where the Gauley and New Rivers mingle with the Kanawha. Captain Abbott was told to destroy this bridge or otherwise prevent the enemy's advance, so he destroyed the bridge, and it was only a week before his death that a new bridge replacing the one destroyed was thrown open to the public. Captain Abbott's picture and his story of the occurrence are over the approach to the new bridge.

Captain Abbott participated in numerous engagements in that section, and part of his service was under Maj. John McCausland, later General, and now one of the two surviving general officers of the Confederacy. His connection with the army continued beyond General Lee's surrender at Appomattox, as he was not paroled until August, 1865. He took an active part in rebuilding his country, and throughout the sixty years of peace he has been a force in the progress of Kanawha County.

He was married in 1875, to Miss Almira Straughn, at Lexington, Mo., and she survives him with six sons and a daughter.

Captain Abbott was active in Masonic circles, being a Knight Templar and a Shriner, he and his six sons having the unique distinction of belonging to the same Temple of Shriners

JAMES M. RIXEY.

Another courteous gentleman and gallant soldier has gone from us in the passing of James M. Rixey, who died recently at a Washington hospital.

Comrade Rixey joined the command of Col. John S. Mosby when very young, and became a general favorite with the men because of his uniform good temper as a man and gallantry as a soldier. While his service is not known in detail, it is sufficient to say that he was faithful to the end.

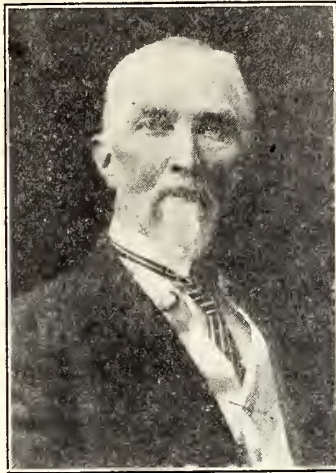
The men of Mosby's command are rapidly passing, only about eighty survivors being known of and five officers. May the day never come when we forget the Southern cause and the heroic sacrifices of the Southern soldier—or the graves of our heroic dead, who,

"We trust,
Are with the saints in glory.
Their ashes here, their precious dust
A Father's care will keep
Till the last angels rise and break
Their long and silent sleep."

[C. M. Smith, lieutenant Company E, Mosby's Men, Deleplane, Va.]

CAPT. HENRY A. CHAMBERS.

Capt. Henry A. Chambers, prominent in legal and political circles of Chattanooga, Tenn., died in that city on November 18, 1925, after some months of ill health. He was born in Iredell County, N. C., May 17, 1841, the son of Joseph and Ellen Cashion Chambers, was educated in the common schools of his native county, at the U. B. Institute of Taylorsville, and at Davidson College. When the war came on in 1861, he entered the Confederate service as a private of Company C, 4th North Carolina Infantry, and took part in many engagements, prominent among them being Fredericksburg, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, the siege of Petersburg, and Five Forks, where he was wounded and was taken to Appomattox in an ambulance. During this service he had been made captain of a company raised near his home by his foster father and guardian, P. B. Chambers. His service extended from May 4, 1861, to April 9, 1865.



CAPT. H. A. CHAMBERS.

Returning home, he took up the duties of civil life actively, and as lawyer, State and Federal official, historian and statistician he led a busy and useful life. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the first Tennessee legislature held under the constitution of 1870, and in 1876 was elected Senator for his district, and later was inspector under the government for several Southern States with headquarters at New Orleans. In 1888 he located at Chattanooga, formed a legal partnership, and became one of the prominent lawyers of the city. He was a member of the city council for four terms, was a newspaper writer of note, and had been historian of Forrest Camp, U. C. V., for years.

Captain Chambers was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a ruling elder of the First Church at Chattanooga. He became a Mason in 1865, and in that body took a leading rank, being a commander in Lookout Commandery, Knights Templars. He was an excellent man in every relation of life, and an enthusiastic Confederate to the end. In late years he had contributed much war-time history to his county newspaper in North Carolina.

He was married twice—in 1867, to Miss Laura Lenoir, and to them was born a son. He second wife was Mrs. Lizzie Welcker Turner, who was his first wife's cousin and bridesmaid. No immediate members of his family survive him.

JACOB C. RITCHIE.

Jacob C. Ritchie, a Confederate veteran with a brave war record, died at his home near Broadway, Va., on August 14, 1925, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born near Fulks Run on December 29, 1839.

When the War between the States came on, Jacob Ritchie was one of the first to volunteer in the Southern army, joining Company F, 7th Virginia Regiment. He participated in the first battle of Manassas and in the battle of Cheat Mountain; and was desperately wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. He served under the gallant Ashby and under Major Pendle-

ton. He had a conspicuous war record, being cited a number of times for bravery.

After the war, Jacob Ritchie returned to the Broadway section, where he followed the peaceful pursuit of farming. He was an outstanding man in his community. In 1865 he married Miss Angelina Fawley, who survives. There were no children. Three brothers and a sister also survive him. He was a member of the United Brethren Church.

DAVID S. COMBS.

David S. Combs, an original recruit in Terry's Texas Rangers and thought possibly to be the last survivor of that famous band, died at his home in San Antonio, Tex., on January 3, at the age of eighty-six years.

David Combs went to Texas with his parents from their home in Missouri in 1854, the family settling at San Marcos. He joined Terry's Rangers in 1861, when he was twenty-two years old, serving as a member of Company D, in the command then known as the 8th Texas Cavalry, which organized at Bastrop. In common with other members of this famous ranger band, young Combs furnished his own mount and all equipment and provisions throughout the period of the war. A statue commemorating the valor of this company of famous fighters now stands in the capitol grounds at Austin.

From 1867, Comrade Combs was prominently identified with Texas ranching, and, until the railroads were built, he made almost annual trips up the trail with cattle from South Texas. He moved to San Antonio in 1876 and established extensive ranching interests in the Big Bend District. In 1880, he formed a partnership for ranching near San Angelo, and in 1900 established the Combs Ranch at Marathon.

He married in 1873, and is survived by two daughters and a son, all of San Antonio. Burial was at San Marcos.

WILLIAM T. ANDERSON.

William T. Anderson, one of the most prominent citizens and oldest business men of Columbia, Mo., died in that city on November 29, 1925, at the age of eighty-three years.

He was born in Howard County, Mo., November 25, 1842, a son of Benjamin and Sarah Westlake Anderson, natives of Virginia, but for many years citizens of Boone County, Mo. He was educated at public schools and the State University. At the beginning of the war in 1861, young Anderson joined the Confederate forces and took part in the battles of Booneville, Carthage, Drywood, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington.

For some years he was in the grocery business at Columbia, but in 1869 he engaged in milling as one of the firm owning and controlling the Columbia mills.

In December, 1868, he was married to Miss Bettie Baker, who survives him with four sons and a daughter.

In later years he helped to develop the Columbia water and light system (afterwards sold to the city), and in this way advanced his city another step on the highway of progress.

Comrade Anderson was a member of the Methodist Church, a prominent Mason and Knight Templar. For more than a half century he had been among the outstanding leaders in the business and social life of Columbia, one of the pioneers who paved the way for the city's advancement. All business houses were ordered closed during the funeral hour, by order of the mayor, in tribute to this distinguished citizen. In expressing sorrow at the passing of this good friend, the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, U. D. C., said of him: "Without a shadow of bitterness, he took up the threads of his life late in the sixties and lived on the principles of the golden rule. We shall miss his cheerful greetings, his sane advice."

JAMES EDWARD PAYNE.

James Edward Payne, a son of John Dawson and Sallie Grose Payne, born at Warm Springs, Va., November 17, 1843; died at Warm Springs, on January 29, 1925, and was buried among his own.

When Virginia withdrew from the Union, although under age, he volunteered in defense of his State, joining the 11th Virginia Cavalry, Company F, from Bath County, which company formed a part of the famous "Laurel Brigade," commanded by Generals Jones and Rosser, and which was composed of the 7th, 11th, and 12th Riflemen of Cavalry, White's Battalion and Chew's Battery.

James Payne was in thirty-two battles, some of which were Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Upperville, Va., and Gettysburg. In the fight at Parker's Store, near Chancellorsville, in 1863, he was wounded. In the fight at Cedar Creek, near Strasburg, he was again severely wounded and left for dead. Though he was nursed back to health, this fight finished his war service, and he carried a Minie ball from that wound to his grave.

After the war, he returned home and engaged in the mercantile business with his father. He left home a boy; four years of war had made him a mature man. His good judgment and faithfulness to the task at hand soon impressed themselves on the community and established him as one of its leading citizens. He succeeded his father as the principal in the business, and for fifty years had been the leading merchant at Warm Springs.

Comrade Payne had a very keen sense of the responsibilities of citizenship and actively participated in and supported all enterprises that were for good. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, exemplifying always in his conduct a true interpretation of the teachings of Christ, respected and loved by men, women, and children in all walks of life.

For more than half a century he came in daily and intimate contact with the life of the community, and with the passing years the example of his upright life and stalwart character more and more set him apart as an example that all might well follow.

He was a very active Mason, having been instrumental in the reorganization of the Blue Lodge at Warm Springs, holding every office in the Blue Lodge and the highest office in the gift of the Chapter. As High Priest of the Warm Springs Royal Arch Chapter, he was the oldest High Priest of any Chapter in Virginia.

Fifty-six years ago at Darkesville, Va. (now W. Va.), he was married to Miss Emma Smith, daughter of Zedekiah and Emily Iden Smith, who has been his faithful companion and helpmate through the years. To this union were born five children, two dying in infancy. Those surviving, besides his wife, are two daughters, Miss E. Virginia Payne, of Warm Springs; Mrs. J. D. Steele, of Baltimore, Md.; a son, Mr. E. E. Payne, of Warm Springs, Va., who has been associated

with his father in business for twenty-five years; and one sister, Mrs. Maggie V. Ross, of McClung, Va., besides numerous nieces and nephews.

JOHN QUINCY DICKINSON.

On November 26, 1925, six days after his ninety-fourth anniversary, John Quincy Dickinson died at his home in Charleston, W. Va., after a long-continued illness. He was considered a leading figure in the industrial development of the Kanawha Valley, and his active life continued up to within two years of his death.

He was born in Bedford County, Va., November 20, 1831, the son of William and Margaret Gray Dickinson, and was the last survivor of the family. When the war came on in 1861, he was ready to shoulder his musket with the first detail of soldiers called out, but his active service did not begin until the spring of 1862, when he joined the company commanded by his brother, Capt. Henry C. Dickinson, Company A, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Radford. He made a good soldier and took part in many battles before he was captured near Green Courthouse, Va., and was then confined at Fort Delaware until the close of the war.

Going to the Kanawha Valley in 1865, he established himself in the salt business at Malden; and despite the general opposition to his undertaking, he made a success of it and finally was the only manufacturer of salt in the Valley. With his father and brother, he was one of the founders of the Kanawha Valley Bank, which is listed as one of the largest banking institutions of the State. He became president of the bank in 1884, and so continued to his death. He was also interested in farming, coal mining, and other industries, all of which he had turned over to his sons in late years, but always kept in touch with his many business enterprises.

Comrade Dickinson was married during the war to Miss Margaret D. Lewis, of Kanawha County, and five sons and a daughter were born to them, his wife and two sons surviving him. He was a leading member of the Presbyterian Church at Malden, where he made his home for many years before removing to Charleston—a man known for his exemplary habits of life, his charity, and devotion to his family and country.

COL. BRADFORD HANCOCK, U. C. V.

Col. Bradford Hancock, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Texas Division, U. C. V., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lura Galloway, in Waco, Tex., on December 22, at the age of eighty years. Born in Aberdeen, Miss., May 12, 1845, Bradford Hancock went to Texas with his parents as a very small boy. They located in Bastrop, and it was at that place where he entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, serving as a member of DeBray's Cavalry, Hood's Texas Brigade, through the four years of war.

Following the war, Colonel Hancock located in Galveston, where he was married, on May 30, 1869, to Miss Fannie Farish, who died last year. Colonel Hancock had been singularly honored by the people of Galveston, serving for a number of years as city recorder of Galveston and as county attorney of Galveston County. He removed to Waco from Galveston fourteen years ago, and soon after he was elected Adjutant of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., which office he held to his death. In this city Colonel Hancock was known and loved by every one who came in contact with him. His kindness, his thought of others, his endeavor to be of help to suffering and afflicted humanity, and his willingness to aid every worth-while endeavor endeared him to all.



JAMES E. PAYNE.

Colonel Hancock had been a member of the Episcopal Church practically all of his life, a sincere, devout, earnest Christian. He attended Church with studious regularity and was active in Church work. His life was that of the exemplary Southern gentleman, one whose chivalry and courage were never questioned.

Surviving him are six daughters, a brother, and two sisters.

J. R. DAVIDSON.

John R. Davidson, one of the oldest residents of Harrison County, Tex., died on January 2, after a long illness. He was born near West Point, Ga., December 18, 1845, and there grew to manhood. When the War between the States came on, John Davidson was too young to enlist, but he later entered the ranks of the Confederate army and fought during the last two years of the conflict and was among those surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox.

After his marriage to Miss Josephine Daniel in 1876, Comrade Davidson removed to Texas, making their home permanently at Marshall. He had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for sixty-five years, and his married life extended over fifty-eight years. His wife survives him, with two daughters and a son, T. W. Davidson, who was formerly lieutenant governor of Texas.

Members of Walter P. Lane Camp No. 621 U. C. V., acted as honorary pallbearers, and he was laid to rest in Algonia Cemetery at Marshall.

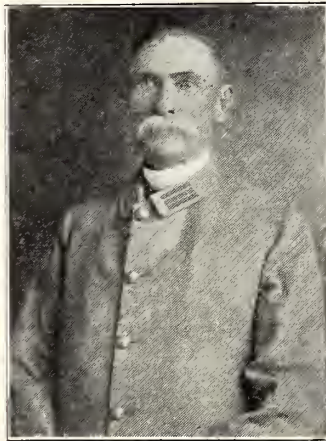
BENJAMIN F. NEVILLE.

Benjamin Flint Neville died at Dalhart, Tex., on November 24, 1925, aged nearly eighty-two years. He was born in Franklin County, Tenn., on January 19, 1844. At the age of seventeen, about May 11, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Peter Turney. At Harper's Ferry he contracted measles and thus missed the first battle of Manassas. He was discharged because of illness, and reenlisted on June 1, 1862, at Knoxville, Tenn., in Company A, Smith's 8th (also called 4th) Tennessee Cavalry. He was wounded twice, and was captured September 26, 1864, near Rome, Ga., and confined at Camp Douglas, Ill., until May 17, 1865, when he was discharged.

In 1868, Mr. Neville became traveling passenger agent of the N., C. & St. L. Railroad, at Chattanooga, Tenn., and was later transferred to Little Rock, Ark., and then to Chicago, where he remained until 1894. In 1906 he went to Dalhart, Tex., and entered the real estate business, and resided there until his death. Of late years, though his strength was failing, he attended the yearly Confederate reunions, and lived over the old days there and renewed old friendships.

He leaves surviving him a widow, two sons, and a daughter, and a large circle of friends who mourn his passing and will remember him as one of the kindest and most loyal of men.

[Mrs. H. T. Neville, Los Angeles, Calif.]



BENJAMIN F. NEVILLE.

T. B. JACKSON.

"Resolved, That in the death of T. B. Jackson, Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, U. D. C., has lost a valuable friend and coworker. Ever willing to lend a helping hand, his cheerful-ness urged us on to deeds of usefulness for the veterans, whom he loved with an earnest devotion. He was a loving husband, an indulgent father, an unselfish friend, a brave soldier, and a Christian gentleman. He followed the divine injunction to visit the fatherless and widows, to extend help and cheer; and was never so happy as when looking after the wants of his comrades who were less fortunate than himself."

[Committee, Mrs. Caius J. Jones, chairman; Mrs. Lewis B. White, Mrs. C. Albert Nash.]

Comrade Jackson was born in Brunswick County, Va., April 20, 1843, and enlisted in the Dinwiddie Grays at the age of eighteen. He took part in a number of battles, being wounded seven times, and carried a bullet in his leg to the day of his death. He rose to the rank of second lieutenant in Company G, 3rd Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division. After being badly wounded at Gettysburg, he was taken prisoner and sent to Johnson's Island for sixteen months.

After the war he made Norfolk his home and there has served as Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp for about forty-two years. He was elected Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia in 1917, serving one year, and was also chairman of the Pension Board for a long time; was both Adjutant and chairman of the Camp to his death. He was active in all works of Confederate interest; no needy veteran ever applied to him in vain. As a leading citizen, he had served on the school board and city council, and was Past Master in the Masonic Lodge. He was connected with the Norfolk and Western Railway for many years, being retired at the age of seventy-seven.

Comrade Jackson was married four times and is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, also six grandchildren. After a brief illness, he died on October 23, 1925, in his eighty-second year.

CAPT. FRANK D. DENTON.

Capt. Frank Desha Denton, one of the most beloved of the Confederate veterans of Memphis, Tenn., died on January 5 at the Baptist Memorial Hospital in that city. In his going there has been taken from the ranks of the veterans one of the most enthusiastic members of the organization. He was for many years historical secretary of Company A, Tennessee Confederate Veterans.

Captain Denton was born at Batesville, Ark., November 23, 1841, and was thus a little past eighty-four years of age. He was a student at Center College, Kentucky, at the outbreak of the war and enlisted in the Confederate army. He went through the war, coming out with the rank of captain before he was twenty-five years old. He was a member of General Govan's famous brigade and was wounded at the battles of Murfreesboro, Atlanta, and Shiloh.

After the war he settled in Batesville, Ark., and soon became prominent in political circles, being elected to many offices and serving for many years in the Arkansas Legislature. He founded the *Batesville Guard* and published it for many years.

He went to Memphis about thirty years ago and had lived there since that time. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and I. O. O. F.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Martha Lewis, two daughters, and two sons.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainerd Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1622 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The last month has been spent in consideration of the appointment of committees and in making the necessary changes. In many instances, the committees have been held intact, as they are working well, and the members are able and willing to serve.

The Recording Secretary General states that the Minutes are practically ready for the printers, who promise to speedily complete and have them in the hands of the Daughters at an early date.

Chairmen of Special Committees are as follows:

Program.—Mrs. Dolph Long, of North Carolina.

Women of the South in War Times.—Mrs. Edwin Robinson, West Virginia

Collecting Books for Foreign Libraries.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky.

Boulder to Jefferson Davis at Point Isabel, Tex.—Miss Decca Lamar West, Texas.

World War Records.—Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Alabama.

U. D. C. Department of the Confederate Veteran.—Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia

Insignia for Confederate Descendants in World War.—Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Alabama.

War between the States.—Mrs. Lora G. Goolsby, Arkansas.

Matthew Fontaine Maury Prize.—Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Virginia.

Arlington Amphitheater.—Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Kentucky.

Faithful Slave Memorial.—Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, Kentucky.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Kentucky.

Memorial Approach to Arlington.—Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky.

Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation.—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York.

Committee on Official Ribbon.—Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Virginia.

To Advance the Name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame.—Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, New York.

Prize Committee, Permanent Fund "Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief."—Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Massachusetts.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of West Virginia, who has done such valuable work on this committee, will continue to serve as chairman.

Those Divisions which are in arrears are begged to give this matter very serious consideration in order that this indebtedness may be canceled this year. It is a debt which sooner or later must be paid.

The historical value of the book is minimized by the delay in disposing of it, as the impression is created that it is undesirable.

Concentration upon this project and pushing it to a completion is desirable.

Concerning the fact that the U. D. C. is exempt from the Federal tax:

Mrs. R. H. Chesley, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to call the attention of those who did not attend the Washington convention or who did not read the January, 1924, issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN after that convention, to the fact that she has worked for three years to bring about this result, through communications with the mayor of Boston and Commissioner David Blair, of Washington. Organizations doing relief and educational work are exempt from Federal tax on all benefits given for these purposes.

Therefore, Mrs. Chesley was authorized to declare that the United Daughters of the Confederacy is exempt from all Federal tax hereafter. This has previously been stated throughout the organization; but as very recently some Chapters have paid the tax, not realizing this exemption, Mrs. Chesley feels that the attention of the Daughters should again be called to this matter.

THOMAS JEFFERSON MEMORIAL FOUNDATION.

At the Savannah convention, in 1924, Mrs. Schuyler, of New York, moved that a committee be appointed to co-operate with the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and to contribute one thousand dollars to the purchase of Monticello. This was carried.

Mr. Stuart G. Gibboney, President of the National Jefferson Centennial Committee, telegraphed the President General, requesting that she accept the position of Honorary Vice Chairman of the Association.

In the judgment of the President General, it is unwise for her, in her official capacity, to serve on governing boards of other organizations, or to accept appointment as Honorary President, or Vice President, or Honorary Vice Chairman of other bodies or associations. She, therefore, declined this appointment, but assured Mr. Gibboney of the interest and coöperation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD HOME.

Concerning this undertaking, the following letter has been received:

"NEW YORK, December 22, 1925.

Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, Charleston, S. C.

"*Dear Madam:* Allow me to take the liberty of writing you in regard to a movement of national importance now under foot. I refer to the movement to give George Washington's boyhood home, described herewith, to the Boy Scouts of America as their National Headquarters. This plan, which I originated and am forwarding by a nation-wide campaign, has been indorsed by many prominent men and women.

"My purpose in writing you is to request you to honor me by joining with the others, in giving your approval. No financial obligations whatever are requested. I am undertaking to finance the undertaking. All I need is a brief, simple statement from you that you approve of my undertaking, through which the youth of America can be taught lessons of patriotism and Americanism.

"Thanking you for your attention to this matter, and with best personal regards, I am, my dear madam,

"Very sincerely yours. GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND."

To which letter the President General replied as follows:

Mr. George Allan England, 135 West Seventy-Second Street, New York, N. Y.

"*My Dear Mr. England:* Your letter of December 22, and your request for the indorsement of your project by me as President General has been very earnestly considered by me.

"It is a matter of the greatest regret to me, but I feel that as President General, it is impossible for me to indorse anything, however pleasing it is to me, or would be, probably to the organization, until the matter has been brought before the organization. This is my view, and I have taken this stand in other matters.

"However, your project is most pleasing to me, and as an individual, if my name means anything of any value to you, you are perfectly welcome to use the following:

"There are few objects of patriotism of greater importance at this time than that of enshrining George Washington in the hearts of his countrymen, especially in the hearts of the splendid young Americans, the Boy Scouts.

"A plan to present Washington's boyhood home to these boys for their National Headquarters, and, through this undertaking, to teach lessons of patriotism, would seem to appeal to all Americans. It would, indeed, be desirable for Americans to think for a while of the life and services of this great character, a man whom all sections alike, North, South, East, and West, should love to honor and proclaim 'first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

IN MEMORIAM.

To Mrs. W. E. Massey, of Hot Springs, a former general officer and a recent hostess of the general convention, the hearts of the U. D. C. go forth in tenderest sympathy in her great sorrow over the death of her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Jane Massey Fowlkes.

In the passing of this brilliant and beloved young woman, her family, friends, and her community have sustained a great loss.

Mrs. Massey may feel that she has the love and sympathy of this organization.

Very cordially,

RUTH JENNINGS LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. Preston Power sends the following from the Maryland Division:

"Our new Division President, Mrs. Edward H. Bash, presided at the first meeting held, on December 1, since the Division convention at Hagerstown in October. The retiring President, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, gave a most interesting résumé of the happenings at the general convention, and told in detail of various measures both lost and carried. Several short reports were read and all accepted. Mrs. James Westcott offered to be hostess at a card party to be held before Lent, to raise funds for a depleted Division treasury. Mrs. Clayton Hoyle has extended an invitation to a luncheon to be held at her home at Dickerson, the date not yet specified. It was with much regret that the Board accepted the resignation of Mrs. Bash, at the close of the meeting. She was succeeded by the First Vice President, Mrs. John Harrison, of Bengies, Md. The Second and Third Vice Presidents moving up automatically left a vacancy for the fourth, to which Miss S. W. Maupin was elected. A State organizer is yet to be appointed by the new executive. Mrs. Bash was elected a Director, and Mrs. Paul Iglehart will now be State Director for the Children of the Confederacy."

* * *

That the various Chapters of the California Division are doing all kinds of interesting work is evidenced by the items sent us from that State this month.

A Christmas tree and reception featured the meeting of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Los Angeles, at the home of the President, Mrs. Thomas T. Loy, on the evening of January 7. This Chapter now has a scholarship in the McKinley School for Boys.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter met Thursday, December 3, at the home of the President, Mrs. Arthur T. Harris. An address was given by Dr. W. R. Walton and a full report made of the general convention by the California State President, Mrs. Chester Aldrich Garfield, who came to Los Angeles direct from the Hot Springs meeting. The Presidents of the nine other Chapters of Los Angeles County were honor guests on that day. Mrs. Garfield was guest of honor at many brilliant social affairs during her stay in Los Angeles. Among these was the very delightful luncheon given by Mrs. George R. Biggs at the Woman's Athletic Club.

The Pacific Division, U. D. C., were also recently entertained at the home of Mrs. Harris, President of Robert E. Lee Chapter. The ages of these men range from eighty to one hundred years, but they still enjoy the parties given them each month.

The first meeting of the Southland Chapter, of Alhambra, was held at the home of the President, Mrs. Frank Palmer, in San Gabriel, recently. In accordance with their custom, the birthday anniversary of Admiral Semmes was fittingly observed. Following a brief program given by the Chapter Historian, a social hour was enjoyed. On Armistice Day the Southland Chapter held brief but impressive ceremonies, at which time Crosses of Service were bestowed. The meeting was at the home of Mrs. Pauline Strong. Mrs. Harry Grieve, chairman of the Medal Committee, presided, and introduced Maj. Clyde Young, Commander of El Monte Post, American Legion, who made a short and inspiring talk. Crosses of Service were presented to three ex-service men.

The Southland Chapter also recently gave a tea and card party, at the home of Mrs. Strong, for the benefit of the American Legion Endowment Fund. Guests came from all the near-by cities and the affair was quite a success.

An interesting event of the Christmas season was the annual Christmas party given by Mrs. Spencer Roane Thorpe for the Helena B. Thorpe Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Thorpe was one of the organizers and the first President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the winter was the "Night in Dixie" recently given by the William Gibbs McAdoo Chapter, of which Mrs. Edwin Peter Werner is President, at the Woman's Club House at Hollywood. A Southern supper began the festivities, at which William Gibbs McAdoo was an honored guest. The dinner was followed by dancing and bridge; a negro orchestra furnished the music, and two little negroes gave an exhibition of the Charleston. The proceeds of the entertainment, amounting to nearly one thousand dollars, was devoted to the Chapter's Scholarship Fund, which will assist some worthy descendant of the Confederacy toward an education.

* * *

The Missouri Division held its twenty-eighth annual convention at the Buckingham Hotel, St. Louis, October 21-23, with the M. A. E. McLure Chapter, the St. Louis Chapter, the Confederate Dames Chapter, the Capt. Robert McCulloch Chapter, and the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter as hostesses. Mrs. Allen L. Porter gives us this interesting account of the meeting:

"Mrs. J. C. Crawdus was general chairman. The business sessions were most interesting. Chairmen of all committees gave splendid reports. Mrs. J. F. Waite, of the George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, has worked untiringly for the past two years as chairman of "The Men and Women of the Sixties."

"A number of the veterans from St. Louis Camp attended every session. Maj. Harvey W. Salmon, Camp Commander, gave a most excellent address.

"All of the social functions were most delightful. A banquet, attended by about three hundred, was given on "Welcome Evening," followed by a reception and program. Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Treasurer General, received with Mrs. Hugh Miller and the other State officers. A drive, followed by a delicious luncheon at the Bellerive Country Club, was a happy diversion in the second day's business session. The nine prizes offered by State Chapters were awarded to the following:

"A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, \$10 for the Chapter submitting the largest number of historical essays.

"St. Louis Chapter, \$10, for the Chapter conferring the largest number of Service Crosses; also \$5 for the largest number of World War Veteran Crosses.

"Mrs. Frank Leach, Sedalia, \$5 as Director of Children's Chapters.

"Mrs. J. T. McMahan, Blackwater, \$10 for the best scrapbook; also \$10 for the largest number of Southern Crosses of Honor bestowed.

"Carrollton Chapter, the General John B. Stone Loving Cup for the largest increase in membership.

"Mrs. J. W. Robinson won the gold medal given for the best historical essay; subject, 'The Career of Joseph C. Shelby and His Men.' Mrs. Robinson also won \$10 for the greatest number of plants sent to the Confederate Home Park at Higginville.

"Next year's convention will be held in St. Joseph.

"The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt; First Vice President, Mrs. John W. Hobbs; Second Vice President, Mrs. Leslie W. McElwee; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon; Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. E. M. Carter; Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Gillham,

Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Wright; Registrar, Mrs. B. F. Johnson, Director of Children's Chapters, Mrs. Esther Spalding; CONFEDERATE VETERAN and press, Mrs. Allen Porter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. T. Byres; Historian, Mrs. A. C. Meyer; Chaplain, Mrs. W. H. Bradford."

* * *

It was a great day for the Confederate veterans on Tuesday, December 29, when the Louisiana Daughters gathered at Camp Nicholls, on Bayou St. John, New Orleans, to serve to the veterans the many good things sent by the various Chapters throughout the State. This is an annual event, and all Chapters are represented by members of the Chapters in New Orleans and by their own members who come for the occasion. The infirmary, library, and dining room were beautifully decorated with holly, mistletoe, and smilax sent by Camp Moore Chapter, of Tangipahoa, with Christmas bells and other decorations adding to the beauty of the evergreens. Mrs. Feeney Rice, Custodian of Louisiana Division, was in charge of arrangements, and to her are sent the presents for the veterans. There are enough home-made preserves and jellies and money sent for the Christmas feast to last throughout the year, and it is Mrs. Rice's pleasure to personally supervise the serving of the delicacies and to see that cold drinks and ice cream are served to them during the warm summer months.

Mrs. Arthur Weber was in charge of the library, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik was chairman of the dining room committee, and Mrs. A. Prudhomme was chairman of the committee that looked after the comfort of the veterans in the infirmary.

Promptly at 12 o'clock dinner was served. Oyster soup, turkey and dressing, candied sweet potatoes, macaroni, peas, tomato and lettuce salad, celery, ice cream, and cake and coffee.

At 2 P.M. all assembled in the library to receive presents from the beautifully decorated Christmas tree and to hear the program as arranged by the Custodian. Dr. George Summey gave the invocation, and Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Past State President, made the address of welcome, introducing lady members of the Soldiers' Home Board, the newly elected Corresponding Secretary General, and the new President of New Orleans Chapter. These were Mrs. George Denegre, Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, and Mrs. J. J. Ritayik.

An eighty-two-year-old Confederate veteran, J. Costa, dancing the Charleston with little ten-year-old Marguerite Pitard, was the feature of the afternoon; and the flute solo by Mr. Wannaker, eighty-three years old, and Mrs. Rice, accompanist, was much enjoyed. Others taking part in the program were Rev. Father Carroll, who gave an interesting address, and the musical program and dances by the Riecke children, Alpha Schultze, Gwendolyn Williams, Marguerite Flatman, Estelle Legras, Bernadett Smith, Henry and Doris Moliason, May and Winnifred Killelea, all children of the Confederacy, and Mrs. J. J. Ritayik.

Every inmate of the home received slippers, gloves, handkerchiefs, chewing gum, smoking and chewing tobacco, cigars, and pipes; and Mrs. Bertha Lisso gave each a fine box of chocolate candy, as she does every year. This was one of the most enjoyable feasts of the holidays.

On Friday evening, December 4, a delightful reception was given at the home of Mrs. L. E. Jung, in Esplanade Avenue, by the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, and the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter in honor of Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, newly elected Corresponding Secretary General, U. D. C.

Those receiving with Mrs. Kolman were Mrs. J. Pinckney

Smith, Honorary President U. D. C.; Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, President Louisiana Division; Mesdames Charles Granger, P. J. Friedrichs, Arthur Weber, Past State Presidents; Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, Recording Secretary, Louisiana Division; Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt, President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President New Orleans Chapter. Flowers were presented to Mrs. Kolman from the hostess Chapters, Joanna Waddill Chapter of Baton Rouge, and Miss Doriska Gautreaux, who was ill and unable to be present.

* * *

From newspaper clippings sent us by Mrs. Lutie H. Walcott, we gather the interesting account of the dedication of the addition to the Confederate Home of Oklahoma.

"Southern beauty and charm and grace mingled with old-time Southern chivalry last Monday night at the Oklahoma Confederate Home. It was Confederate Day in the city. The new unit of the Home, just completed at a cost of \$40,000, was dedicated and thrown open to the public, and, in addition to the dedicatory exercises, the day marked the Christmas festivities at the Home.

"The exercises were begun with a reception, which marked the opening of the new building. Dinner was served at 5:30, followed by Christmas exercises, with General Turner as presiding officer. Amazing Grace was sung by the audience, led by Mr. Riddle, of Oklahoma City, representing the Commander of the Sons of Veterans. Prayer was made by Dr. C. C. Weith of the Presbyterian Church.

"General Turner eulogized Gen. John O. Casler as the first Commander of Oklahoma veterans, and Gen. D. M. Hailey, First Commander of the Indian Territory veterans, and spoke of his intimate acquaintance with Mrs. George Henry Bruce and her late husband, and of his appreciation of the late John L. Galt and his widow, and of Mrs. Walcott, daughter of General Hailey, who gave to the State the plot of ground used by the veterans for their Home.

"Mrs. Pat Nagle, member of the State board of affairs, was introduced as a member of the board who had always stood one hundred per cent for the Home. Mrs. Nagle spoke briefly, saying that the soldiers must never feel that they were accepting charity, but that they had paid in advance for the care the State was giving them. Mrs. Nagle's work brings her in contact with every institution in the State, and she declared that the Confederate Home has the best superintendent and matron in the State, and that the Home board does more unselfish work than any other she knows.

"Senator U. T. Rexroat changed the meeting from one of serious thought to one of fun by telling a series of stories that kept the veterans and their wives convulsed with laughter.

"Gomer Smith, a veteran of the World War, made an interesting address to the veterans, telling them of the effect of playing Dixie in a foreign war, and how the men from every section of the country loved alike the old tune.

"A Stone Mountain Coin was presented to each inmate of the Home. Col. Sidney Suggs, dressed as Santa Claus, gave the presents from the tree. These had been provided by the Sons and Daughters of the State, and each inmate of the Home had from three to five gifts, their arms being loaded with Christmas remembrances.

"Scarcely had the last present been given out when Edgar O. Spence moved in with his fiddle and bow, and with Mrs. Petty at the piano the music was started. Many of the veterans danced, and many old war songs were sung. The square dance, the Virginia Reel, the waltz, and the schottische were all danced and some of the old-time steps were as intricate as any of those of to-day."

During the recent general convention at Hot Springs, the Memorial Chapter of Little Rock gave a luncheon in honor of the President General and U. D. C. officers, at which Mrs. George Baird Gill, of Little Rock, gave the words of welcome in poetic form after a brief introduction:

"In bidding you welcome to-day, we would invite you into our old-fashioned garden, where we will gather bouquets and garlands of flowers for you that your visit will be filled with the fragrance of happy memories:

"Come sit beside us under the sturdy oak,

The emblem of cordial hospitality;

First, we'll give thee Thrift, with its numerous roots that bind us close,

And make it an emblem of true sympathy.

Sweet Alyssum, worth beyond beauty,

We will give thee, dear guests, most fair;

Azalea—parent of golden dreams—Romance—

May we twine lovingly within thy hair.

May the dear little Crocus bring cheerfulness and smiles;

The Acanthus give thee all wiles;

The Eglantine will thy Muse awake,

While Forget-me-nots we will give for our sake.

Our Larkspur from sight we will take,

For its fickleness thy trusting hearts will break.

We will gather Pansies in bunches—heaped they must be,

For their meaning always is, 'Dear, think of me.'

Evening Primrose tufts are in our green bower,

The Periwinkle trails its wreaths and leaves sweet remembrance of thee;

Roses we will proudly lay at thy feet

And lift their petals in beauty and love to thy cheek.

Syringa will bring thee the light that shines through tears—

While the faithful Phlox will our hearts unite in future years;

Sorrel will thy wit make rare,

While Oleander telleth thee, beware!

Of the Marigold, with jealousy filled,

And the Dandelion with coquetry thrilled;

The blue Canterbury Bell doth constancy bring to thee,

And the Amaranth with its crimson flowers

Gives thee immortality.

We have placed Nasturtiums within free reach,

For love of country they surely teach;

We give thee the rose-like Camellias that will excel

In giving thee loveliness of soul and body as well.

Accept, lastly, our Tulips—

Laden with long-cherished silent eloquence,

Asking thee to love the hearts that loveth thee so well."

A VALUABLE GIFT.—West Virginia University will be all the richer through a gift of the valuable collection of books made by the late Dr. William Douthat, who for years held the chair of Latin and Greek at the University. These books are to be donated by the heirs of Dr. Douthat, and comprise dictionaries of many languages and other priceless volumes. The placing of these books where they will be most appreciated is commended, for in so many instances lifetime collections are sold at auction for just what old books bring, and the old book dealer is the only one benefited. It is far better to give them to schools and libraries.

LEST WE FORGET.—The people that forgets its heroric dead is already dying at the heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past.—*Dr. Randolph H. McKim.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

STUDY FOR 1926.

U. D. C. PROGRAM.

March.

Topic, Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President, C. S. A.

Read selections from his history, "The War between the States," or from his prison journal.

C. OF C. PROGRAM.

March.

State: Mississippi; seceded January 9, 1861.

In your notebooks put answers to same questions as were asked about South Carolina.

Writer: Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Learn this selection from "A Lyric of Action":

"'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead.
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
'Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal.'"

U. D. C. PRIZES.

The Raines Banner.—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.

Yoree Prize, \$100.—Awarded by War Records Committee to Division Directors on a per cent and per capita basis.

Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.—To the Division submitting the most valuable list of books on Confederate history, which list must include a separate list of books for young people. Annual competition.

Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup.—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in its schools. Annual competition.

Blount Memorial Cup.—To the Division bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service during the year. Annual competition.

Alexander Allen Faris Trophy.—To the Division registering the greatest number of U. D. C. members between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Annual competition.

Orrin Randolph Smith Medal.—For the best Confederate catechism suitable for use by the Children of the Confederacy. Annual competition.

ESSAYS (WRITTEN BY MEMBERS OF U. D. C. CHAPTERS).

Rose Loving Cup.—For best essay on "Abolition—Northern and Southern Views and Plans."

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.—For best essay on "The Peace Convention, Held in Washington, February, 1861."

Soldier's Prize, \$20.—For the best essay on "The 80th Division and Its Accomplishments in the World War."

Martha Washington House Medal.—For best essay on "Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Wizard of the Saddle."

\$25.00.—Offered by Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, of North Carolina, for best essay written on "The Administration of Mrs. Frank Harrold, President General, U. D. C."

\$25.00.—Offered by Miss Mary D. Carter, of Virginia, for best essay on any of the following: The Lee-Acton Letter; Battle Abbey Address; Dr. D. A. Long's "Jefferson Davis's Place in History"; The Scrugham Address; or Horton's "Youth's History." Contestant to choose subject. Prize awarded not on book or pamphlet selected, but on quality of essay itself.

\$25.00.—Offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, in memory of her father, for the best essay on Mosby's Rangers.

Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup (formerly Hyde-Campbell prize).—For best essay on "The First Permanent English Settlement in America."

Roberts Medal.—For second best essay submitted in any contest.

RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typewritten with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.

3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by October 1, 1926.

4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historian.

5. These same rules apply to essays submitted by C. of C., except that State Historians will forward children's essays to the Third Vice President General, who is in charge of the children's work.

C. OF C. PRIZES.

Robert H. Ricks Banner.—To the C. of C. Chapter that sends in the best all-round report.

Harvey Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. J. P. Higgins in memory of her mother. To the Division Director who registers the greatest number of new members in the C. of C. Annual competition.

Florence Goulder Faris Medal.—To the Division Director who registers the second highest number of new members in the C. of C. Annual competition.

Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.—To be offered to the Chapter Director who places the greatest number of books in school libraries. Books on Confederate history to be used as supplemental reading. Annual competition.

Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.—Given by Mrs. Charles S. Wallace to the general organization to be presented to the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

ESSAYS.

Mrs. J. Carter Bardin.—Five dollars in gold to the boy or girl of Confederate lineage, between the ages of ten and twelve, for best essay on "Arkansas Soldiers of Gen. Sterling Price's Command," in memory of her grandfather, Henry L. Cordell, an Arkansas volunteer.

Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, Seattle, Wash.—Five dollars in gold for best essay on "Causes of the War between the States." Open to students west of the Mississippi, between ten and twelve years old.

Mrs. Bennett D. Bell.—In honor of her "black mammy," Matilda Cartwright, five dollars in gold to the C. of C. member writing the best essay on "Mammy in the Old Plantation Days." Preference will be given to paper giving incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authority.

VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

An interesting letter comes from Miss Kathryn E. Entler, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, in regard to some Confederate veterans who are being cared for out there. She writes:

"Our County Farm, where our old people are taken care of, is not called generally by that name, but is known as Hondo, Calif., and it is a most beautiful place.

"We have five dear old Confederate soldier boys there. One, Capt. J. M. Reeves, about eighty-five, was born in Kentucky and served four years in the war with Company A, 1st Alabama Regiment, General Perry commander of brigade. On account of trouble in his limbs—he was shot in both knees at Gettysburg—he goes in a wheel chair. He is a very bright, well-educated man and doesn't appear at all his years.

"Mr. J. H. Diehl, about the same age, is tall and slender, the picture of 'Uncle Sam,' and that is what we call him. He is from the State of Virginia, and was in the Confederate army four years, serving with Company D, 22nd Virginia Regiment, under Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Mr. William D. Watkins, about ninety-two, is the dearest little old man. Everything is always just lovely with him. He was born in South Carolina, but entered the war from Arkansas and fought three years under Generals Johnston and Beauregard, Company D.

"Mr. William M. Adams, from Louisville, Ky., was in the Confederate army four years, as a member of Company E, 1st Brigade, South Carolina Regulars. He is now nearly eighty-four, a fine, delicate little old man.

"Mr. Gideon L. Roach, born in Rockingham County, N. C., October 31, 1840—making him about eighty-five—was in the Confederate army almost four years, with Company D, 5th North Carolina Volunteers, under Capt. John Galloway and Col. John Evans, Barringer's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's Division, A. N. V. He is very proud of his record. Mr. Roach is a tall, nice looking old gentleman, and to him also everything is just lovely; he never complains. He is almost blind, but is always laughing.

"Our Chapter has a 'Lest We Forget' Committee, with a chairman who calls on those she wishes to assist her, and they go down there once a month, taking to them things they might not get there—ice cream, cake, candy, tobacco, etc. Just before Christmas we take to them always a nice Christmas dinner and serve it out in a vine-covered arbor in the grounds, where there are lawns, trees, lovely flowers, etc.; and these dear old men always enjoy those days, begging us to come soon again. Each month we also give them some pocket money to get what they want, and if there is anything they are very much in need of, we get it for them. There are several other Chapters in and around the city that also look out for their welfare, so they know they're not forgotten. I'm sending to you some poems composed by Mr. G. L. Roach, a friend of his writing them down as he composes them. We are very proud of our old veterans, especially the talent of this dear old man. Most of them do not appear their ages at all.

"On Saturday, January 16, the anniversaries of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson were celebrated by all the city Chapters joining in a luncheon to our veterans at the Hotel Biltmore, the largest and newest hotel of the city, and the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

"Our Chapter is growing all the time. We have lovely meetings, and always find plenty to keep us busy. I'm still chairman of the 'Shut-in Committee,' which I started during the war, and have two assistants now. Last year we wrote two hundred and five letters, of which I wrote one hundred and seventeen. We consider it a good work, as it keeps the shut-ins in touch with what we're doing."

WHO LOVED THE GRAY.

[The following poem is one of those contributed by Comrade Roach.]

The gates of time swing wide to-day,
And through them march our men in gray—
Fathers, brothers, young and old—
With loyal minds, with hearts of gold;
And, through the mist of dreams and tears,
Our heroes come across the years.

Again the voice of Lee we hear,
Again his army's answering cheer;
Again a wall of stone we see,
And Jackson stands by General Lee;
And fearless leaders, score on score,
Make up the South's immortal corps.

Another army passes by
Whose name and fame can never die—
Our Southern women, dauntless, brave,
Who gave their lives to cheer, to save;
Our Southern women, tried and true,
Who toiled and prayed the long years through.

Their sacrifice, their deeds of worth,
Have made for us a purer earth;
Their victories, unknown to fame,
Have touched their children's hearts with flame;
And all the South is glorified
Because for love they lived and died.

The gates of time wide open stand,
And through them streams a deathless band—
Southern women, Southern men,
Who come to thrill our souls again;
And through the mist of tears we pray,
"God keep them all who loved the gray!"

PUBLICITY WORK.

In reporting a nice club of subscribers, Mrs. W. J. Cadwell, of Rives, Tenn., writes of some historical work she has been able to do through the county press, saying: "I have had more than four thousand words of historical facts and items favorable to the South reproduced in county papers during the past year, and I feel like suggesting that a publicity chairman be appointed in each Chapter, U. D. C., to carry on this work of broadcasting the facts of the South's honorable history. If our side is ever known, we 'must tell it to the world,' and no better way can be found for reaching the rank and file of our people than through the press, and it can be carried on with very little expense. If all Chapters would publish their meetings and notes on the work accomplished, that would be some help. I should like to get a resolution through the next State convention indorsing or recommending this plan."

POETS OF THE SOUTH.—In 1870, Sidney Lanier wrote from Macon, Ga., to his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, this tribute to one of Hayne's poems: "It is the fairest child of thy genius. I hope from my deepest heart that thou wilt wrest from time to time for many a day yet, wherein to people the otherwise sadly empty heart of our poor South with these radiant creatures of genius."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



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FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
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MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

My Dear Coworkers: With the passing of the old year and the joyous Christmas season, which I hope has left its record of a happy season and a year well spent, our minds turn to the new year with its hopes and possibilities, and we look for the rainbow of promise to lead us on to greater achievements. Let us plan well for the future, strengthen our work in every possible way, increase our membership by getting at least one new member by every member of our Association. Just one member is a very small thing for each of us; then watch the interest in your Association grow. Remember always that the Memorial Association, founded by your own mothers, is the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by them, and how it would grieve their hearts could they know that we have not prized and cherished this the oldest patriotic organization of women in this nation of ours.

Several friends have written that they find the use of Miss Rutherford's "Scrapbook" in their meetings a great factor in keeping up interest. A suggestion—that you try short, snappy readings from the "Scrapbook" at your meetings, and you will find much valuable knowledge gained and the meetings made more interesting. Meet monthly, if possible, at the home of the President or some member. Seek out and report any unmarked Confederate soldier graves. Plan for a large attendance at the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention to be held in Birmingham, which is accessible to all.

Your President General spent the holidays in Raleigh visiting friends, and incidentally working and planning for a revival of the work of the Raleigh Memorial Association, one of the oldest of our associations. The patriotic spirit of the old North State responds so splendidly to every patriotic appeal touching the traditions of our Southland, and the cordial spirit of its President, Mrs. Frank Williams, encourages the belief that new life is awaiting the awakening and that the Memorial Association will soon stand in the foremost rank, as it deserves to do, of patriotic work among women.

Raleigh Memorial Association is especially favored in having presented to the ladies the large tract of land, eight or ten acres, a gift from one of her splendid Sons, to be forever kept sacred to the heroes of the Confederacy, and the State makes an annual appropriation of \$250 for its maintenance. State support is easily secured if only the earnest effort of the women stands behind it.

The many friends of Mrs. William A. Wright, State President for Georgia C. S. M. A., and President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, extend to her most tender and

loving sympathy in the recent loss of her only daughter, Mrs. Arthur B. Bryan, of Clemson, S. C., and a peculiar tenderness goes with our love to the young girl who has been so loyal and faithful in her attendance in our conventions as page to the President General for the past six years, Miss Mary Cox Bryan, granddaughter of Mrs. Wright, who, in the loss of her mother just as she is passing into young womanhood, is so sorely bereft. May the dear Father sustain and help them. Twice in the past twelve months the Grim Reaper has invaded the family circle, and as our dear friends bow in sorrow as "Rachel weeping for her children, because they are not," our hearts are burdened with sorrow and our prayers go up to the Great White Throne that these dear ones may through their tears look up into the face of the Father and feel his presence near, find comfort to their souls.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

BY MRS. ERNEST WALWORTH, CHAIRMAN GOLD BAR OF HONOR.

It is a tender and beautiful thought to present the Gold Bar of Honor to aged mothers of the South who still enjoy having with them their hero boys, who fought the battles of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Sally Smith, of Blue Springs, Miss., was greatly honored on her hundredth birthday, the 18th of last August.

The whole country turned out to honor this gentlewoman of so many memories, able to recall so many events, a loving mother, a home maker. Her body is frail, but her mind is as clear as a bell, and she creates a halo of gladness to all who come within the influence of her wide experience. She says she is never unhappy; but while she is waiting for "the call" her joy is to love, to scatter abroad the wisdom of the Father of all humanity. Every one calls Mrs. Smith "Aunt Sally," and she thinks it is fine and comforting.

Over one thousand people were present to assist in making "Aunt Sally" happy and her birthday a memory. In the spacious school building at Blue Springs, under the trees and about the windows, her friends gathered. The Robert brothers, noted singers, played and sang, leading in old songs and favorite hymns, for an hour.

Her son, the hero boy, only eighty years old, held her hand while children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren did her honor. The crowd rose to greet this good woman who knew life in storm and sunshine, who had walked in paths of truth and love, seeing only the holy attitudes of conduct.

Hon. S. Joe Owens, State Senator, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. G. C. Potter spoke of "the continual changes from year to year, but said: "Some things cannot change—those who hold to the law like this mother of Israel." Her great-grandson, Rev. Clifford Newman, touched the gathered crowd as he told of her honor and devotion to the homes in the dear Southland. Drs. H. D. Stephens and G. W. Duncan, both kinsmen of this noted woman, spoke of her unselfish and constant service for the needy of the South.

Four sons are living to-day, J. Minot Smith, the Confederate war veteran, of New Albany, Miss.; J. L. Smith, of Helena, Ark.; John C. Smith, of Blue Springs; and D. F. Smith, of New Albany—all doing their part as beloved citizens.

The Gold Bar of Honor was sent to Mrs. Smith some months ago by the President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, who originated this beautiful idea for aged women of the South and has sent to many homes the "Gift of Gladness."

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Smith, with whom she lives, writes so lovingly of "Mother," and says she is too aged to do much, but she is so patient and kind-hearted. She goes on to say: "She is almost blind, and we help her, and I pray the good Lord will give me strength to wait on mother as long as she lives. I have taken care of her for many years, and love her. The Lord promises to be with his children in need. Her husband died in 1891, and we would be lonely without her. She loves the Gold Bar. All of us thank you for the jewel. It is so chaste, so beautiful."

All who read this could give Aunt Sally joy by sending her a card, just to say: "A Happy New Year, Aunt Sally."

Let us do all we can for others while we are here.

"DOWN MEMORY'S LANE."

BY MRS. H. B. DOUGLAS, PALACIOS, TEX.

In looking through some old treasures and keepsakes of my mother's, I found the following sad and touching tribute to my uncle, Lon Alexander, who was killed on June 27, 1862, in the seven days' fighting around Richmond.

This tribute, all blotted and tear-stained, was written in my mother's own dear handwriting, in one of her old school composition books, now yellow with age. I copied it, and am sending it to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, hoping that some of her relatives, old friends, and schoolmates will read this tribute and remember the nineteen-year-old girl whose heart was broken over the loss of a dear brother, but who so willingly submitted to the will of the Great Master in her devotion to her beloved Southland. My mother, Katherine Helen Alexander, was born in Jacksonville, Ala., September 17, 1843, and was married to A. P. Clark, August 16, 1865, just after the stormy days of the War between the States. A. P. Clark was a private in the 10th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade. Coming to Texas in 1873, they lived the greater part of their married life at Bartlett, Tex., removing to South Texas nearly seventeen years ago. She passed away on September 29, 1925, at Palacios, Tex., at the age of eighty-two years, leaving an aged husband, three sons, and two daughters to mourn her loss. She was of that rare type of mothers who live for husband, home, and children. She was loved and honored by all who knew her.

The tribute to her brother is as follows:

"IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER LON."

"Our home is lonely, very lonely, dear brother, since thou art gone, forever gone. With what sorrow that word falls on our ears—gone! gone! When we heard thou wert wounded by

the foe, hope, with her siren voice, whispered, 'He may recover,' and we listened to her flattering words; but O, when the sad truth reached us, that thou wert dead, hope fled, and our hearts were wild with grief. Yes, 'twas time then that the 'silver cord was loosened.' The mantle of sorrow now droops heavily o'er our once happy home.

"We looked fondly forward to the future when thou wouldst have been released from the hardships of this unholy war and again gladden our home with thy society, the vacant seat again be filled. But alas! how different! In nobly defending our beloved capital, proud gem of the South, in the battle of the 27th of June you fell, bravely fell, to rise no more. Your blood must mingle with that of the other noble dead who fell in protecting our sweet city, the star of the South.

"Upon the gory field of battle your gentle spirit was wafted from earth, I trust, to join our friends in heaven. Could we but have been near you, my brother, to have caught the last whisper you uttered as death hovered near to convey your spirit home, methinks you would have died more sweetly. Could we but have kissed thy pale cheek once more, or have pushed thy bloodstained hair from thy noble brow, or have folded thy cold hands on thy pulseless breast—but O, 'twas not our privilege; soldier hands paid the last tribute to thee. They wrapped thy lifeless form in the same blanket that thou so oft had slumbered on when weary and trail worn from marching o'er Virginia's sod. May kind Heaven bless those who were with you in death.

"Oft-weeping memory sits alone

At eve beside your new-made grave;

And the only hope now is that we may at last meet

On yon celestial plain,

Where the loved and parted here below

Meet ne'er to part again.'

"Ours is indeed a broken group since you, dear brother, sleep upon the Old Dominion's soil. Yes, Virginia, I love thee; I love thy blood-stained land; for thee flowed the blood of my departed brother. 'Twould be sweet to kneel beside that sacred spot, embrace it, and let my tears fall in sorrow for thee, my brother, though thou wouldst heed me not, but wouldst serenely rest on beneath the cold sod.

"Through the bloody fights of Dranesville and Seven Pines, while your comrades were falling around you were spared; but alas! not so in the late fight near our capital. For nearly five days your gun and bayonet sent death to the hated foe, but as the fifth was closing gloriously in the evening time, in the twilight sweet, 'mid the booming cannon and the smoke of battle, you, my brave brother, fell. O, why were you not spared? Some others were spared, and why were you not? No, when the clamor of battle ceased, your gun and knapsack were taken off by other hands. They told me, dear brother, that the morning beams of the sun were just kissing the dead and wounded on that blood-sprinkled field, when, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading cedar tree, with kind soldier friends around thee, thy spirit soared to its long, long home.

"Blow, ye night winds, gently o'er my brother's grave;

Ye murmuring streamlets disturb not his rest;

Ye teardrops of the clouds weep softly, so as not to break his dreaming;

Sleep sweetly on, my own brave brother.'

"A mother's, father's, sister's, and brother's tears are oft mingled in memory of thee; and now my dear, my brave, my noble brother, a long, a last, a sad farewell.

"Thou sleepest in peace at last.

"His sister,

KATE."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL ORDERS AND COMMENTS.

ARMY TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.
 LAKE CHARLES, LA., December, 1, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all camps of the Army of Tennessee Department.

1. By virtue of my reelection as Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the thirtieth annual convention held in Dallas, Tex., May 19 to 22, I hereby assume command of the Divisions and Camps comprising that Department and establish headquarters in the City of Lake Charles, La.

2. The Division Commanders of the Army of Tennessee Department are requested to select their staff officers and report same to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief and Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Department, Lynchburg, Va., a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their Divisions for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ.

3. I hereby appoint the following-named comrades as members of my staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, C. H. Winterhalter, Lake Charles, La.

Department Quartermaster, O. S. Smith, Lynnville, Tenn.

Department Inspector, D. E. McIver, Ocala, Fla.

Department Commissary, John T. Heflin, Roanoke, Ala.

Department Judge Advocate, C. S. McDonald, Jr., Eu-
 faula, Ala.

Department Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville, Miss.

Department Historian, B. H. Richardson, New Orleans, La.

Department Chaplain, Rev. J. D. Mitchell, Savannah, Ga.

LUCIUS L. MOSS,

Commander Army Tennessee Department.

Attest:

C. H. WINTERHALER,

Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

WELL, IT IS, ISN'T IT?

The chancellor of Lincoln University has written a book about his school's patron saint. He covers a good deal of ground perfectly familiar to those who are constantly in con-

tact with the work of the apotheosis, but he sounds a new note in one instance, and the New York Times' "Book Review" says "there are many who will join him in the belief that 'Lincolnize America' should be our national slogan."

HOIST ON THEIR OWN PETARD.

It is a curious incident of history that the Fourteenth Amendment helped to put a stumblingblock in the way of the persecution of Jefferson Davis while he was being persistently hounded by the bloodthirsty crew at Washington who controlled the government at the close of the War between the States. Blocked, in a sense, by a measure which was one of the special instruments by which this band of South haters were seeking to destroy Anglo-Saxon civilization in the South and place it under the dominion of a servile race. There was determination in Washington to hang Mr. Davis if possible, and a miserable scheme was worked up to connect him with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. One Charles A. Dunham brought a group of associates who swore that Mr. Davis was *particeps criminis* with Booth *et als.*, but these "witnesses were not prepossessing," and, in a Congressional investigation the whole affair was shown to be an infamous hoax. Later on the Washington clique, having been forced to abandon the charge of murder, substituted that of treason against Mr. Davis, and many were the snags they ran up against in their vain efforts to fasten this stigma upon him. One of them was the opinion of Chief Justice Chase that "the Fourteenth Amendment prevented further proceedings." This enactment had disqualified from office holding such men as Davis. Chase declared this disqualification was a punishment for treason, and, as no one must be twice punished for the same crime, all legal action was forestalled thereby. Mr. Davis must not be tried for an offense for which he was already being punished! Surely there never was a stranger exemplification of the fact that the acts of the villianous tie their own hands!

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION NEWS.

There are reports sent in of an encouraging nature of this Division, showing activity, especially in the section around Asheville. The Asheville Sons celebrated their first anniversary a few days ago, and had an interesting meeting with the veterans present as honored guests. At Christmas there was a Christmas tree from the S. C. V. to the U. C. V., with presents and a complete program, etc. This department is indebted to Mrs. C. M. Brown, wife of the Commander of the Division, for items of interest about this Asheville work.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

The items below would have headed this department had they reached the editor a few days earlier, before the preceding copy was finally made up. However, this matter from Adjutant in Chief Hopkins is of leading interest, of course. A "statement" of the condition of the Confederation for last year shows a total of two hundred and thirty Camps and seven thousand five hundred and three members. Virginia leads in number of members, her quota being one thousand three hundred and sixty paid up men. North Carolina leads in number of Camps, having thirty-three camps with nine hundred and seventeen members. Alabama comes next in number of Camps, with twenty-seven Camps and six hundred members. District of Columbia (Washington) has one Camp and one hundred members reported, and New York City has one Camp and two hundred members reported. The bulk of our membership shows in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, Alabama, and Tennessee. Ninety-four new Camps were organized in 1925 (fiscal year). Our "baby" State is Florida, with only one hundred and four members, though she is pushing Missouri, with one hundred and eight members, and West Virginia, with one hundred and eighteen paid up men.

There is only one real sterling way to increase our membership and influence: Let each man see to it that he, himself, gets another good man enrolled and listed during this 1926 fiscal year. The writer sent in three members last year who came to him for guidance into the fold. It is easy enough for us to secure seven thousand new members this year if each man will only make it his business to "get his man." Your organization, your country, and her traditions and history are worth that much to each one of you, are they not?

HISTORY.

The editor, who is supposed to do history work too for the S. C. V., was complaining, as is his wont, to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins about the lack of interest and scarcity of workers in this vital field of our endeavors. Comrade Hopkins comes back with: "There is a great deal of history work done by the different divisions and Camps throughout the Confederation, especially in Texas. Comrade C. E. Gilbert, of Houston, Tex., has done wonderful work," etc. This is a great and cheering word, but why was it all kept a secret from the Historian in Chief, who felt himself as one crying alone in the wilderness.

ALABAMA REPORTS A NEW CAMP.

A Camp of Sons of Confederate veterans was organized recently in Dadeville, Ala. The following officers were elected: Command.r, G. J. Sorrell; First Lieutenant Commander, J. Holley Clarke; Second Lieutenant Commander, John B. Tillery; Adjutant, Thad Clarke; Judge Advocate, James W. Strother; Surgeon, S. H. Newman; Quartermaster, Abner Fuller; Chaplain, Rev. S. L. Williams; Treasurer, H. O. Garrett; Color Sergeant, John Y. Turner; Historian, Prof. L. L. Patterson.

FIGURES VERSUS SLANDER.

It has long been the habit of the North to point to the mass of mulattoes in the country as evidence of a depraved habit exclusively Southern. A correspondent points out some significant figures from the United States Census reports. In spite of its being charged that the Southern slaveholder considered his female slaves as merely concubines whenever that idea struck him, it seems that by the official census, as quoted by this correspondent, there were only some 588,000 mulattoes in the whole country in 1860, and in 1870 there were

a few thousands less. But, after twenty years, and this twenty years covered the "reconstruction period" when Yankee carpetbaggers and Yankee soldiers swarmed through the South, the official United States census of 1890 showed a mulatto population of 1,132,000. Note that with slaves having been held in the South for over two hundred years there were some 500,000 mulattoes, or mixed breeds, in the whole country in 1860 and 1870; but in the twenty years following, and these years significantly being those when the South swarmed with tens of thousands of Northern carpetbaggers and soldiers, males far from home, the number of mulattoes doubled. The increase for the twenty years was as much as the whole production for the preceding two hundred and more years.

NEW CAMPS IN KENTUCKY.

Capt. J. E. Keller, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, Kentucky Division, S. C. V., Lexington, Ky., reports as follows:

"As Official Organizer of Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, I have completed the organization of the Ben F. Bradley Camp, at Georgetown, Ky., with a membership of twenty-five—and growing. Alex J. Haggard is Commander and George H. Allen Adjutant.

"I have also organized the Hervey McDowell Camp, at Cynthiana, Ky., with a membership of twenty. Dr. M. McDowell, son of Lieutenant Colonel McDowell of the 2nd Kentucky Infantry, was made Commander and John M. Cromwell Adjutant. Both of these Camps will grow, as there are many eligibles in both localities.

"I have twelve applications signed for a Camp at Paris, Ky., and it will soon be organized. The Fayette Hewett Camp, of Frankfort, Ky., has taken on new life, and that, with the Philip Preston Johnston Camp, of Lexington, with its membership of one hundred and forty, will soon give us a brigade of five Camps in this, the Seventh Congressional District of the State, when we will elect a brigadier general. We will go to Birmingham in force, taking with us five flags—the United States flag, the Confederate battle flag, the Kentucky State flag, the P. P. Johnston Camp flag, and the Honor flag won at the Dallas reunion."

"TWEEN DE WHITE FOLKS AND DE YANKEES."

The Northern people first called it "The War of the Rebellion," later, they called it "The Civil War," and continue to do so. We do not believe it was a civil war, but a "War between the States." The National Dictionary defines "civil war" as "pertaining to the relations between the citizens of a State," while the war in the sixties was between all the States in the Union. Mr. Davis said it was "a war between the States," and that is good authority—but now comes a different definition which may settle the matter to the satisfaction of some people anyway.

Some time back a lawsuit was brought in Birmingham to settle the ownership of some land. Mr. Wallace, who had occupied the property for many years, had an old family servant summoned to establish the length of time the Wallace family had lived there. It is a well-known fact that when an old-time negro is on the stand and he is asked a question, he will almost invariably repeat the question.

The defense attorney called Uncle Ephraim, and said: "Do you know Mr. Wallace?" "Does I know Mr. Wallace? Marse Joe, is you talking to me? Of course, I knows Mr. Wallace." "Well, Uncle Ephraim, how long have you known Mr. Wallace?" "How long is I knowed Mr. Wallace? I knowed Mr. Wallace fore de war." "Well, Uncle Ephraim,

that is not definite. We have had several wars in this country. What war are you referring to?" "Eh, I's talking 'bout de war 'tween de white folks and de Yankees." That created a laugh, and Uncle Ephraim said: "You ne'en't laugh, that's dis what it was. I was dar myself." So upon the testimony of Uncle Ephraim, Mr. Wallace retained the property, and it would seem that the court having so decided upon Uncle Ephraim's testimony, the proper title of that unhappy affair is "De War 'Tween de White Folks and de Yankees."—*James Dinkins, New Orleans, La.*

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The old year has closed and the new year is under way. There is great need of the delinquent Divisions taking their obligation more seriously in the matter of the distribution of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times," remembering that "he that is faithful to that which is least, is faithful also in much." We are hoping this year that the Division Presidents will cooperate with Division Directors more directly. These important ladies can play a very necessary part, and jointly the State President and the State Director can effect a real, wide-awake organization, with a purpose of going "Over the Top" in 1925-26. There are sixteen Divisions now "Over the Top."

We are also anticipating a final report from the smaller Divisions—namely, Arizona, Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Utah, Kansas, and Indiana. The soil has not been scratched in some of these Divisions.

May you "keep the joy bells ringing in your hearts" throughout the year.

Yours faithfully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*
Fairmont, W. Va.

LETTERS THAT CHEER.

Capt. C. T. Coleman, of St. Louis, has this to say: "In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN, I feel that I am helping to carry on a most commendable publication of vital interest to us who wish the truth of Southern history to be known, not only politically, but in every way, both before, during, and after the hostilities between the States. It is pleasing to know that the South and its people are being appreciated more and more, but it is to be regretted that some of them, even our veterans, think the South was wrong in the sixties. As for myself, I have nothing to apologize for, and I glory in the fact that I wore the gray and did my bit, enlisting in 1863 before I was fifteen years old, and continued to the end, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865, with Forrest's Cavalry under the grandest cavalry leader that ever straddled a horse. I am now seventy-seven years young, and feel as well as I ever did in my life. I think I am the richest 'boy' in the whole United States, with my splendid wife and eight loving and obedient children. But I take no credit for their rearing, for I was at work, and my dear wife had all the care and worry of bringing them up."

Mayor John H. Bonner, of Tyler, Tex., renews subscription promptly, and says he reads the VETERAN from "kiver to kiver." He is now nearly eighty-four years old, and his wife eighty-three, "both quite well mentally and physically," he writes, "and looking forward, not backward. We have traveled life's pathway together for nearly sixty-one years, having been married on February 8, 1865, and reared five children to maturity."

THE HERO OF THE WEST.

(This old poem was written in the back of an old volume of "Message of the President of the United States, 1854," by "a young lady of Nashville, Tenn.," and "addressed to the soldiers of the South." This volume was presented by "F. K. Zollicoffer to W. Dobson," and the name of the young lady writing the poem was "Miss Anne Dobson, Hermitage, Tenn.")

O! who has seen our champion,
The hero of the West,
Of all the Southern cavalry,
The bravest and the best.
We groan beneath the Federal yoke
And cry out in our pain,
O! when will John H. Morgan come
To set us free again?
Though many noble forms there are
Whom we would gladly see,
John Morgan is our champion—
He'll come to set us free.

We sicken at the very sight
Of Yankee Fed in blue;
We meet to tell o'er every night
What Southern lads can do,
And wonder if they will not come
Before the break of day
To cheer the faithful hearts at home
And drive the Feds away.
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,
John Morgan, as our champion,
Returns to set us free.

We watch the silvery moon go down,
Each beaming star arise;
But O, we miss that glorious orb
From out our Southern skies.
Could every Southern maiden's heart
Be molded into one,
We'd lay the offering at thy feet
And say: "Thy will be done."
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,
John Morgan, as our champion,
Returns to set us free.

For as the Feds go mounting by,
Impatient at our door,
How long, O Lord, how long, we cry,
Ere Morgan's men will come!
There's magic in the very name,
The blues would flit away—
And with a loud and long acclaim,
We'll hail the green and gray.
Though many noble forms there are,
We send a wail to thee,
John Morgan, thou invincible,
Return and set us free.

CORRECTIONS.—An error was made in giving the name of the author of the poem on Mosby's Men (page five, January VETERAN) as Mrs. Frances H. Robertson, when it should have been Mrs. Florence H. Robertson, of Lynchburg, Va., who has been a contributor to the VETERAN for several years. Another error gave the middle initial of Maj. George N. Nolan, of Los Angeles, Calif., incorrectly (see page 27).

A. T. Ramone, of Hampton, Va., has copies of Sinclair's "Two Years on the Alabama"; "Recollections of a Naval Life," by Kell; and "Mosby's Rangers," by Williamson that he would like to exchange for some of the following: "Pickett and His Men," by Harrison; "Advance and Retreat," by Hood; "Johnston's Narrative"; "Life and Campaigns of Forrest," by Jordan and Pryor; "Morgan's Cavalry," by Duke. Write to him.

Mrs. Fred K. Betts, Jr., 51 Court Square, Harrisonburg Va., wishes to learn of any Confederate service on the part of her Tennessee relatives. Her uncle was Samuel Fleming Bibb, and her grandfather was Robert Fleming Bibb, of Cherry Bottom, Tenn., which she thinks was near Bristol; her maternal grandfather was Charles Blevins. Any information on the family will be appreciated.

In renewing subscription, Miss Emma Hampton, of Cleveland, Tenn., says that the VETERAN "grows better and better with every year. May it continue so!"

Mrs. L. D. Kemmerer, of Magnolia, Ark., wishes to procure a copy of "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime," by Trent.

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National Tribune.

CANARY BIRD CULTURE.—A Southern woman in the far West, Mrs. Amelia J. Mayberry, Whittier, Calif., has built up an interesting little industry in the raising of canary birds, and she has prepared a little book on the subject which should be helpful to many who like to have these beautiful songsters in the home. She will appreciate these orders. Price, 25 cents.

Little May's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length.

One day May found a piece of ribbon. Carrying it to her grandmother, she requested gravely: "Grandma, smell this and see how long it is."—*Canadian American.*

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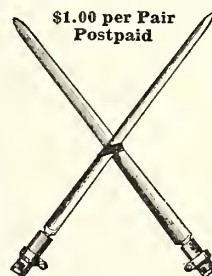
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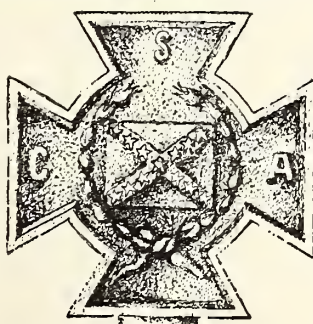
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Who operated the sword and musket factory at Tilton, Ga., during the War between the States, and what were those arms like? What kind of revolvers were made in Richmond, Va., by Robinson & Dexter? Who operated the pistol factory at Griswoldville, Ga., and what kind of weapon was fabricated? Who operated the carbine factory at Huntersville, Pocahontas County, Va.? Who operated the carbine factory at Danville, Va., and what kind of arm was fabricated? Anyone having a file of Confederate newspapers will please address E. Berkley Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

HIS LITTLE HUMOR.—Some visitors to the prison had as an escort one of the inmates, who aroused their interest. "Excuse me," said one of them to the convict, "are you in for life?" "Me? No," was the answer, "just ninety-nine years."



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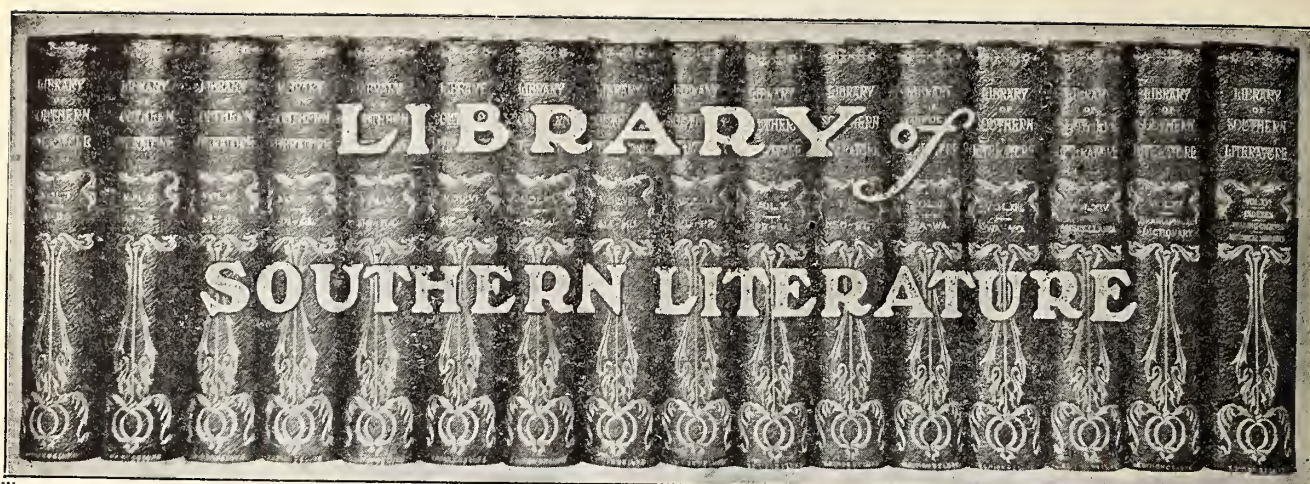
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